THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts, and Public Affairs.

Volume XI — New York, Wednesday, April 2, 1930 — Number 22

EDITORIAL BOARD

MICHAEL WILLIAMS, Editor
GEORGE N. SHUSTER, Managing Editor
MARY KOLARS, Assistant Editor

JOHN F. MCCORMICK, Business Manager

EDITORIAL COUNCIL

CARLTON J. H. HAYES
T. LAWRASON RIGGS
RICHARD DANA SKINNER
JAMES J. WALSH

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Spade Work 599
Week by Week 600
The Bells of St. Mary's 603
Russia without God ..... Michael Cardinal von Faulhaber 605
What Words There Are to Say to You (*verse*) ..... M. Whitcomb Hess 606
Places and Persons ..... Michael Williams 607
Round about the Congo ..... John Carter 610
The Several Humanists ..... George N. Shuster 613
Finger-printing the Alien ..... Oliver McKee, jr. 615
Green Crocus Spears (*verse*) ..... Charles Ballard 617
The Conditions of Minority ..... Hilaire Belloc 618
Communications 619
The Play and Screen ..... Richard Dana Skinner 621
Plan for a Novel (*verse*) ..... Frederic Thompson 622
Books ..... Agnes Repplier, Mary Kolars, Charles Phillips, Boyd-Carpenter, C. J. Eustace, Leo Kennedy, Mary Ellen Chase, E. R. Pineda, J. Elliot Ross 624

Published weekly and copyrighted 1929, in the United States by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, Grand Central Terminal, New York, N. Y. United States: $5.00; Foreign: $6.00; Canada: $5.50. Single Copies: $.10.

SPADE WORK

AS THIS is being written the naval conference is in such a tangle as to make more than one observer wish it had not been held, or at least that the fall of the first Tardieu Cabinet had been seized as an opportunity to adjourn it indefinitely. It is not impossible that the interval would have been both graceful and profitable. At any rate, seen in the light of present affairs, nothing would have been lost, and with Mr. MacDonald to explain the accident plausibly, everything gained. The rest of the year might have been devoted to home work, and when five nations are attempting to find a military agreement which, in proportion to their sizes, will mean security and parity for all, perhaps ten months is not too long a time for meditation. Of course it has been obvious since the love fest on the Rapidan that if Great Britain and the United States were the only nations to be considered we should have no submarines, few destroyers, hardly any cruisers, and no battleships (except a few good ones). As it happens, some say unfortunately, the earth is not yet divided between John Bull and Uncle Sam. Accordingly, the task at London has been to limit the fleets of five nations (reduction having become an archaic word in the naval lexicon) by an agreement which could later be adapted as the starting point for a general disarmament conference, talked of these many years. Months before it had been attempted, it was considered an easy task; in January, as the hour of labor drew near, a difficult task; in March, an impossible task.

Today the English are displeased with the French, the Japanese with the Americans, even England and America, so dovish toward each other as the conference opened, have become more like two black crows. And the temper of the French has not been improved by the fact that their position has aroused a general resentment, while permitting Italy, which entered the conference a suspect, substantially to better her reputation. To the French the situation is as sad as this: that it is the Italians who have caused all the trouble, and the French who are getting all the blame. It is the Italian longing for African expansion, they argue, which largely necessitates a great French navy, which in turn necessitates a bigger British fleet, which cancels hope for limitation at the Rapidan level.

It is not a cheery outlook, but we think that the pessimism of the spring may be as mistaken as the easy optimism of the fall. The problems have been

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

found more complicated than we thought them, and the solutions proposed have a most disconcerting way of upsetting solutions previously arrived at. Yet that is not a perfectly sound reason for rejecting the whole business. He is a poor statesman who is whipped by the unexpected. The London conference has not gone smoothly because the work which would have permitted it to proceed with some rapidity toward a satisfactory conclusion had not been done beforehand. It is plain that official America had only the vaguest understanding of the French claims, just as official France had been ridiculously misled as to the character of the negotiations between Premier MacDonald and President Hoover. We understand each other better now. That is something.

And so instead of proclaiming that the first two months of the London conference have been altogether a waste of time and money, let us admit that we have learned something from it. For it has shown conclusively enough that there must be an intensive preparation on the part of all nations concerned before another conference is held. This one has been handicapped from the first by the lack of such preparation. Great Britain and America were in the mood to accomplish great things, but neither had sufficiently taken into account what might be the attitude of the other nations. Preliminary conversations of the character of those between MacDonald, Dawes and Hoover would have gone far toward removing the obstacles which now appear so mountainous at London. It is well to do the spade work before you seed the garden.

WEEK BY WEEK

RECURRENT breadlines in practically all the larger cities of the United States are decidedly not sops to the national pride. The Salvation Army and other relief agencies report that "conditions are worse than they have been for a good many years." Though statements of this kind may need discounting because of their publicity value in any drive for funds, they happen to be corroborated at present by news from welfare organizations in smaller cities and suburbs. Even a normally prosperous Connecticut town has decided to open a campaign for old clothes and odd jobs. From the far West come reports of lay-offs affecting thousands of men. In view of these circumstances, the machinery devised for estimating or treating unemployment is wofully primitive. To date it has consisted mostly of a psychological invention which takes the mind off the jobless in order to concentrate it upon prosperity. Though this is a good preventive of further ills, mass hysteria particularly, it does nothing for the disease of unemployment. Senator Robert Wagner, of New York, has therefore been advocating with no little eloquence a homeopathic remedy. This treatment consists of three parts: scientific study of the malady, through the compilation of adequate statistics regarding the unemployed; the establishment of a clinical bureau—a system of interlocking federal agencies—to handle the sick; and an accurate timing of public work to take up the slack in industry. We are heartily in sympathy with his ideas. The one matter on which there might well be disagreement is the allocation of a definite sum annually for public works. Would it not be better to fix this to move between a maximum and minimum, so as to avoid unnecessary expenditures and to take care of emergencies?

Hunger and Homeopathy

ONE'S opinion of the Literary Digest poll of prohibition sentiment must reckon with the startling success of the magazine's previous inquiries into the nation's point of view. In ways that baffle comprehension somebody appears to have hit upon a method for sizing up the will of the majority. To date the verdict on Volsteadism is, of course, not clear. Twenty states, including the District of Columbia, have been heard from, and with the single exception of Kansas the wets have the better of the argument. Whether this trend will hold to the bitter end we have no way of telling, but there is little harm in predicting that the final totals will find the largest number of votes in the "repeal column." Taking the figures so far accumulated, one finds interesting regional differences. The "metropolitan group" of eastern states—Connecticut, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania—is overwhelmingly opposed to the amendment, only about one-seventh of the ballots cast favoring enforcement. In Connecticut the dry percentage is one-eleventh; in New York, one-sixth. A group of four corn belt states, however—Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Iowa—display a much more divided public sentiment. Here the dry vote averages about two-thirds of the total, one-half of the Ohio vote supporting the amendment while about three-fourths of the Indiana and Iowa balloteers are professedly dry. All in all, it is an interesting game, the value of which nobody can deny.

The Digest Poll

INTERNATIONAL good-will has a good many obstacles to surmount, not the least of which are curious partizan conceptions of world policy. If Secretary Stimson, during his apparently numerous hours of leisure, should perchance read an account of himself in la Revue Universelle, the French royalist journal, he might well be impelled to meditate upon this truth. "Henry L. Stimson," one reads there, "is first and foremost the right-hand man of President Hoover, his confidant, the faithful interpreter of his thought, the blind and devoted engineer of his mystical imperialism." In spite of all this, however, the Secretary is described as being "very active, amiable, simple, a bit brusque, courageous, given to studying problems with the most scrupulous care."

As the French See Mr. Stimson

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nor, above all, is he a pacifist. "It is to be hoped, therefore," says our article, "that Stimson, who is accustomed to trying to understand and adopt the point of view of his adversaries, will not voluntarily close his eyes to the sacrifices which France has made for the maintenance of peace and will not demand that she run the risk of exposing herself, some time, to enemies more powerful than she is." This attitude of mind, which seems to be prevalent among the French if their press be any criterion, is interesting and understandable enough. But who does not see its strange blend of distrust of the United States with almost unlimited desire for the assistance of the United States? Precisely these blends are among the most difficult of international problems.

Embattled Tariff Seekers

THE senatorial Old Guard has again come to the aid of distressed industry, relieved the unemployed, and done a bit for prosperity by removing lumber from the free list. To do the job up right it rejected Senator Walsh's clause to admit lumber duty free from Canada, forest conservation not bulking very large in the face of reports from Missouri predicting disaster without duty, as read into the Record by Senator Hawes. Of course Senator Norris did not lose the opportunity to point out that while official circles are anxious to inspire an optimistic view of the times, the description of the misfortunes of industry under present tariff schedules, as presented to the Senate, is heartrending. Unfortunately tears were not sufficient persuasion in the case of oil, and producers must struggle along without the protection of $1.00 a barrel. Hope has not yet been given up, however. Within the next month a national convention of independent oil producers will be assembled to consider further steps in the oil tariff campaign. This is the true American spirit. From Tulsa comes a statement that "We have only begun to fight for our rights," and it rises from the tradition begun with "Don't give up the ship."

The Savings Bank Revolution

PLATITUDES alone will not account for the recent encouraging reports from thirty representative savings banks in the New York district. After the heavy withdrawals during the October and November market break, these banks have found the rate of increase of deposits accelerating as against recent years. One might piously lay it all up to the caution of the once burned who now prefer safety to perishable paper profits. But the freshened vitality of the New York savings banks—mutual institutions, all of them—stems from at least one source that lies deeper than mere conservatism. The actual place of the savings bank in the business structure has been changing. A few decades ago, it was the only place for the man of modest income to deposit and receive interest on small sums of money. Bonds were beyond his reach. Today, however, bonds may be purchased in instalments. Life insurance also provides a source of saving with a tempting gambling factor to boot. But to meet this, several of the larger savings banks have introduced a new economic factor in the form of daily interest on deposits, thus providing the man of modest means with an amazingly high rate of interest on absolutely liquid cash. He deposits his money on any day of the month and withdraws on any day, and receives full interest for each and every day his money remained with the bank. This, coupled with a prevailing interest rate of 4½ percent—which is better than the yield on many seasoned bonds and higher than the recent rates on call money—makes the savings bank something far more interesting than a cemetery in which to lay embalmed pennies. New life comes to an institution whenever it begins to exercise a new function—and this new function of providing high interest daily on ready cash is one of those quiet revolutions which has helped to rejuvenate the whole idea of a savings bank.

Working at a Loss

AMONG the discarded vagaries of a quarter-century ago none seems more outlandish than the notion that mothers ought to be freed of their children in order to pursue careers. Theorists of those days had the whole plan neatly outlined—coöperative kitchens and dining-rooms, scientifically trained nursemaids. It never seemed to occur to anybody then that all this involved a sacrifice of comradeship, love and personality—of those things, in short, which make life interesting. Now comes Miss Frances Perkins, industrial commissioner of the New York State Department of Labor, with the announcement that a married woman's career which is not worth $3,500 annually is a business failure if the family lives up to prevailing middle-class standards. The additional outlay for housekeeping and expenses devours the salary check and then smacks its lips for more. Miss Perkins admitted, of course, that modern vacuum cleaners and dishwashers render the average wife much less a Cinderella and more of an older sister. It goes without saying that a wife and mother in our age will necessarily have occasion to do, live and act outside her own four walls. But we are back to the old truth that matrimony plus labor is not a blessing but a calamity for the married woman.

Georgetown and Maryland

GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY has set aside March 25, anniversary of the establishment of the Maryland colony, as the day upon which to commemorate its own founding. Appropriate honors are to be conferred upon men and women who have distinguished themselves in arts and letters; and this year, which inaugurates the ceremony, will see homage paid to Paul Claudel and Arturo Toscanini. Of especial interest, however, are the reasons which have prompted this action. The Fathers of the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Society of Jesus who came with the Ark and the Dove to these shores had planned to establish a seat of learning in Maryland, and had secured (in 1640) official approbation of their project from the general of their order. Largely because of unsettled conditions in the colony they were unable to make any headway with the work; and it was not until 1789 that Bishop Carroll could proceed to build a "college on the banks of the Potomac." This, of course, is Georgetown, which now in a particular manner symbolizes the ideals with which the early Jesuits took up their work in this new land of America.

Sisters of the Sick

ANYONE who reads French news will be struck by the fact that beside ever so many sickbeds, even when the patients are notoriously anticlerical, there is reported to have been a "sister." It is a little difficult for Americans to visualize this situation, accustomed as we are to finding our nursing sisters closely identified with hospitals and infirmaries. But the Congregation of Notre Dame de Bon Secours, as these French nuns are called, has long since made a foundation in the United States. Here, too, they serve the sick in their homes; and the last annual report issued by the New York mother house indicates that the sisters worked on 1,121 cases during the year, the great majority of which were charity cases. To this order rich and poor, humble and mighty, Catholics and agnostics are all fellow human beings, who need help in the spirit of Christ. Though the material needs of the community are largely paid for through private benefactions, the accession of young women eager to serve is the only elemental necessity. Hitherto precisely these have been difficult to find in the United States, owing to the circumstance that the congregation had no novitiates outside of France. This rule has now been changed. An American novitiate has been opened on Victory Boulevard, West New Brighton, Staten Island, New York. Who knows but what the Sisters of Bon Secours will, in a few years, be as familiar in the United States as they are abroad?

The American Girl

NAVAL conferences and formal international agreements do not create the only good-will in the world. The expanding mutual knowledge between nation and nation, and the association of various national groups for purposes other than political, have their own powerful effect in binding peoples together. This thought, never too commonplace to be comforting, is suggested just now not by the manifesto of some peace-promoting organization nor by the yearbook of some learned international society. It is suggested by the coming to hand of the international number of the American Girl, published by the Girl Scouts —the number devoted "to establishing understanding among the girls of all countries." The intelligence with which it addresses its aim might make this modest magazine for readers in their teens a model for many pretentious adult publications. Its facts are carefully garnered and carefully representative. Its fiction, juvenile of course, is vigorous and varied. Informative articles include a piece on French mediaeval pottery, another on an authentic modern girl pilot of the Red Sea, a very readable record of international Scout encampments, and perhaps the best interview with Ishbel MacDonald which has been printed in America. The indispensable sewing department describes Russian embroidery; the cooking considers, as Mr. Belloc once did, Cheese around the World. There are letters from everywhere. A breezy, shrewdly edited number, its friendliness is not sugary, and its entertaining information translates "foreigners" into human beings without being patronizing. Valuable lessons for its young readers to learn.

What Will Mr. Ford Say?

THE celebrated French editor, M. Lucien Romier, recently said that "man's authority throughout the world is on the decline," and that woman will soon dispute with him preeminence in every field, domestic and professional. Immediately afterward, in a spirit of rapprochement that no one could have foreseen, the village of Stephenson, Michigan, elected women to every one of its offices. Exultant feminists should not string their harps too soon over this, however. Michigan, we remind them, is one of Mr. Ford's states; Mr. Ford has said publicly that he does not like feminism, women being unfitted to excel in industrial or professional—or, presumably, political—life; and it is not Mr. Ford's habit to sit quiet under what he does not like. He did not like the war, and sent a peace ship to stop it. He does not like drinking, and it is said, either smells, or causes to be smelled, the breath of every workman emerging from his factory. Of course, Mr. Ford might be persuaded to turn his attention to the theoretic aspects of the case, and instead of joining battle with the feminine magistracy of Stephenson, might take on M. Romier in debate. This would be a splendid thing for the whole world, saddened as we all are just now by griefs and the rumor of griefs. Mr. Ford and M. Romier are so perfectly matched, the nonsense of the one on the subject of women workers is so exactly opposed by the nonsense of the other, that each should bring out the other's qualities to the full.

Safeguarding the Blind

BLINDNESS has always been a misfortune which has irresistibly aroused sympathy and the kind of charity which springs spontaneously from the instinct of the strong to shield the weak. Much has been done for those so afflicted and much yet remains to be done. The Catholic Institute for the Blind in New York, which is devoted to the care of sightless children, has carried on a splendid work but yet again performance does not equal the many

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

needs it is called upon to meet. At present, drawing a salutary lesson from the disastrous fires which ravaged convents in Canada, the Institute is conducting a campaign to convert its inflammable frame structures into fireproof modern buildings. The danger from fire to children housed in large groups is always grave; it is intensified when the children are blind. The sum needed for this highly important work is comparatively small; it is to be hoped that many will recognize the good that is done by the Institute and financially aid it to carry its plans to fulfilment. Its treasurer, Justice Richard P. Lydon, 60 Center Street, New York City, will gratefully welcome all communications.

Mr. Doheny Acquitted

NOBODY save a hard-headed and tough-hearted legal zealot clamoring for the application of the utmost rigor of the law will quarrel with the verdict in the Doheny case. Those who best knew the prospector who struck it rich and became one of the great oil and mining magnates of our times, never considered him guilty of deliberate bribery in the matter of the famous loan to ex-Secretary Fall, despite all the ambiguous circumstances, and the black bag which contained more than the proverbial cat. Anybody who knows the western mining man, whether rich or poor—particularly those who in the early days went adventuring in the mountains and the deserts questing the natural sources of wealth which have been the fountains of so much of America's material greatness—is well aware of how generous and ready to help each other such men always were, and still are today. This undoubtedly was the view taken by the jury. It was a human and commendable view, and so far as The Commonweal is concerned it can only add its measure of congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Doheny that the long strain of the trial is happily over and done with.

THE BELLS OF ST. MARY'S

MARCH 25, 1934, will mark the three-hundredth anniversary of the Maryland colony. The men who landed from the Ark and the Dove, to kneel for Mass at a place they called St. Mary's, were gifted with no prophetic vision. They could not foresee the swift and stupendous development of America, destined to rear industrial leviathans beside streams which the Indian fished for trout. If one had assured them that the poor of all nations would come here in throngs, braving the hardships of pioneer years for the sake of eventual improvement for their children, they would have shaken their heads unbelievingly. But the least among them must have felt that the memory of one thing they were doing would abide—the declaration that Maryland would persecute nobody because of his religious faith. For the first time even in the history of the new world, a government undertook to guarantee the inviolability of every form of Christian belief.

Here, then, were laid the foundations of a great principle, which has since been accepted as one of the most vital parts of our national tradition. But vitality of every sort is constantly in danger of anaemia. Who shall say that the United States is now as firmly committed to freedom of conscience as it once was? The idea of bringing out the significance of the Maryland achievement is therefore eminently practical. During several years various organizations have been active in preparing for the coming centenary. On behalf of the state, Governor Ritchie appointed a committee embracing persons of differing faiths to draw up a festival program and to consider ways and means for memorializing the enduring meaning of the Maryland experiment. And from the beginning of their work The Calvert Associates, pledged to the advancement of religious liberty, have left no stone unturned in the hope of cultivating a nation-wide interest in the matter. Yearly meetings have called attention to the tercentenary. Speakers have reviewed Maryland history.

This year The Calvert Associates will stage the largest assembly in their history. On the evening of Tuesday, March 25, the Metropolitan Opera House, New York City, will be open to everybody, regardless of race or creed, who is interested in the principle of religious liberty. The program, one is happy to announce, will include addresses by distinguished representatives of the Catholic, Protestant and Jewish groups, as well as music akin to the liturgies of these groups. Nor will the chief stress be laid upon history. The meeting will emphasize the fact that in several ominous ways the rights of conscience are being undermined, and that religious belief is even fighting for life under new and radically constituted governments. Yet such an occasion can only be a recommendation of American experience, of American tradition; and so Maryland will, after all, be the chief concern, as a source and an example. One realizes of course that the coming tercentenary needs the especial interest of Catholics. In order that the event may be brought home to them more fully his grace the archbishop of Baltimore has appointed a national committee, the members of which are the Reverend John LaFarge, S.J., the Reverend Peter Guilday and the editor of The Commonweal. Each of these has long since given much time and thought to the idea, and each represents a body of public opinion to which the memorials of Maryland are dear.

We have termed the matter of especial interest to Catholics. The remark calls, however, for immediate qualification. It is true that Lord Baltimore was a convert to the Church, and that from the very first day Jesuit fathers were associated with his work. But one must not forget that the colonists who sailed in the Ark and the Dove were predominantly Church of England folk, apart from the "twenty gentlemen adventurers" of good family who supervised the expedition and at first controlled the government. The record of the voyage shows us that, even in that age and under

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the trying circumstances of a long sea voyage, nothing marred the good feeling that prevailed among the travelers. Lord Calvert ordered his representatives "to treat the Protestants with as much mildness and favor as justice will require," and the command was obeyed to the letter. Afterward, despite the religious quarrels which bore down upon the colony from Virginia, nothing disrupted the relations existing between the original colonists. Many of them became converts to Catholicism, and the others lived at peace. Though only a handful of Jews then resided in the colony, they, too, were unmolested. One holds rightly, therefore, that the Maryland system was something more than a legal convention dictated by expediency or ordained from above. It was an experiment lived out by hundreds of people, under conditions which were prosaic enough. Thereafter history could say: if these citizens have managed to respect each others' beliefs, as much can legitimately be expected of others.

The Toleration Act, passed in 1649, was only the formula in which this experience was summed up. Investigation shows that the wording of the act might have been even more liberal if immigrants from neighboring Virginia had not insisted upon a greater amount of rigor than the Calvert government demanded. However that may be, Catholics and Protestants stood side by side in the little colonial assembly hall and passed the law without a dissenting vote. They declared that "the enforcing of conscience in matters of religion hath frequently fallen out to be of dangerous consequence in those commonwealths where it hath been practised," and they resolved that no person should be "molested or discountenanced for or in respect of his or her religion." This Act remained in force throughout Maryland so long as the energies of the colonists could prevail against fanatical Puritan invaders who now and then usurped control of the government and for a time managed to proscribe both the Catholic and the Anglican faiths. It is no comforting page of history which shows us a body of Puritans, chased out of Virginia and allowed to settle in Maryland, turning on their hosts, exiling Catholic priests and wantonly destroying church property.

This page reminds us, however, that so lofty an ideal as respect for the beliefs of others is in constant danger of attack. Whenever a powerful group is organized for the purpose of making others conform to its social or intellectual doctrine, conscience is almost the first part of the human realm to be laid under siege. The Maryland Puritan was a religious fanatic, unable to stomach the convictions of others. In our own day and age, however, the Puritan's code has largely been rewritten in terms of economics and "political progress." We find even very good people professing to hold that social reform in any given country may legitimately close churches or forbid religious teaching if it can claim that "ecclesiastics are reactionary." Maybe churchmen are not infrequently reactionary. Undoubtedly coöperation of Church and state, when based upon wrong assumptions, may hamper the development of legitimate civic aspirations. But if it is deplorable that ecclesiasticism should oppose social reform, it is certainly also calamitous that spokesmen for social reform should seek to wipe out religion. Indeed, the second course is manifestly far more evil than the first.

Perhaps the contemporary inability to understand this difference—the gulf between the something which is done with wealth and the something which is done with the soul of man—reposes less upon mistaken reasoning than upon dwindling affection for spiritual truth. We sometimes have the feeling that modern moods of tolerance are quite like modern moods of intolerance. The first are products of indifference; the second spring from total lack of interest. A prospering industrial society puts the greatest stress upon prices, markets and dominating personalities. It is content that organs should accompany Divine worship with steady diapasons, provided only that the commodity index remains firm. The music is charming, sometimes beautiful, but could it not be spared, after all? And industrial society in revolution? Totally indifferent to the content of faith, pushing the inner boredom of prosperity to its ultimate conclusion, the Bolshevist sees only the authority of the religious ministry and sees that as a rival for its own autocratic claims.

How remote from this confession of the soul's death are the memorials of Maryland! Everything in these old records testifies that a regard for others which may in the beginning have been dictated by expediency and justified by Bellarmine, was maintained with a courtesy, a suffused charity, to be described only with noble adjectives. Bancroft grew eloquent when he spoke of Maryland: "Thus the Catholics took possession of the little place, and religious liberty obtained a home—its only home in the wide world—at the humble village, which bore the name of St. Mary's. Such were the beautiful auspices under which the province of Maryland started into being; its prosperity and peace seemed assured; the interests of its people and its proprietary were united; and for some years its eternal peace and prosperity were undisturbed. Its history is the history of benevolence, gratitude and toleration."

Certainly this record would have been far different had it not been for the ceaseless cultural effort of the Jesuits who, as Englishmen of the finest stamp, exemplified the blend of faith and humanism now so widely urged as a necessary barrier against barbarism. Indeed, what is respect for others, or what is regard for the human conscience, without belief that these others are immortal and that the conscience is sacred? The servants of the Church have sometimes been unmindful of charity. History blushes for their occasional cruelty and time serving. But that which they professed—that which was the reason why men venerated them—abides as the only possible defense of those rights which Jefferson, and all America with him, have resolutely defined as personal and inalienable. And so, in memory of freedom, let the bells of St. Mary's ring!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RUSSIA WITHOUT GOD

By MICHAEL CARDINAL VON FAULHABER

The importance of Russia's attitude toward religion, brought to light as a result of protests from authoritative spokesmen for all churches, is admitted by public opinion everywhere. We have thought it well, therefore, to print an English version of the remarkable address on the subject delivered by His Eminence, Michael Cardinal von Faulhaber. Excerpts from it have appeared in the daily press. The following translation omits only a few passages thought to be of specific German interest. Here is surely a document which bears the stamp of historical importance.—The Editors.

WE ARE the witnesses of an indescribable tragedy, having its source in the endeavor of Russian Bolshevism to rule a nation without reliance upon God, to establish a social order without the ten commandments, to foster a culture without faith in the soul or the hereafter, and to create a political economy through the abolition of private property. Shortly after the Bolshevik accession to power there appeared, in January, 1918, their first law concerning religion. This proclaimed separation between church and state, but promised freedom of worship in such charming sentences as the following: "The church enjoys perfect liberty, and every citizen may profess the religion he prefers." But by 1922 the government's hostile attitude toward religion and its system of despoiling ecclesiastical property had become quite evident. Then on April 2, 1929—that is, about eleven months ago—there was issued a new religious law, which abrogated all previous declarations concerning freedom of conscience and inaugurated a carefully planned crusade against everything that smacked of belief in God.

Churchmen were forbidden to give any kind of religious instruction or to perform any public work of charity. No distinction was made between the Russian Orthodox, the Roman Catholic and the Lutheran creeds. Seven million Catholics were affected by this sentence of spiritual death. The Mass and the sacrament of baptism were satirized in public places and in the midst of satanic orgies; texts hostile to the church were made to accompany traditional hymn melodies; the cinema and the radio were utilized in a grandiose effort to make propaganda for atheism. During the past four months, 200 synagogues and mosques, as well as 980 Christian churches were closed and diverted to profane uses—became club rooms, warehouses and motion-picture theatres. The so-called League of the Godless asserts that it will not stop until every church has been locked up and secularized. Thousands of bells have been melted down, thousands of sacred images, assembled from churches and private homes, have been burned in the open squares. More than fifteen hundred priests and thousands of religious have been murdered, and nobody knows how many are now preparing for death in Russian prisons, or perishing slowly in Siberia. The Russian Church, separated from Rome since the eleventh century and too intimately allied with the state under the czar, must today drink the chalice of suffering to the dregs.

The moral order in Russia, land from which God is driven, has made way for ghastly moral chaos. Here is a people without the Sunday, for the government hopes to imitate the French Revolution by destroying the Christian character of the week. Here is childhood without Christmas. On the last December 25, even the innocent Christmas tree was forbidden; and whenever a family was found with one in its possession the father was punished. A book which Professor Berg has recently published gathers the testimony of the Bolshevists themselves, and among the documents is this statement by the widow of Lenin: "We have between seven and eight million children who are without shelter, and only 80,000 of them are housed in places of refuge." Conditions in these institutions baffle description. Not even the tubercular children have been separated from the others. Indeed, the misery of these little ones cries to heaven. Adolescent youth is without even a semblance of moral discipline, is victimized by the drugs of debauch, and, trained as it is for banditry, has now been partly organized into shock battalions ordered to stamp out the last vestiges of religion in public—and so far as possible—private life. Marriage and family relations have been degraded below the level of any known African tribe. Legitimate and illegitimate motherhood are of the same status; abortion is, by a decree issued during 1920, no longer a punishable offense, and any married person can, even without the consent of his (or her) helpmeet, dissolve a marriage and contract twenty further alliances, provided he takes the trouble to register the partnerships he has dissolved. The dying are left without priests or the consolations of religion. Verily the lamentations of Jeremiah the prophet ring out also over this vast wasteland. Children clamor for nourishment and the sun, but there is no one to hear them. This, then, is the meaning of the phrase, "religion is a private matter," when its proponents have power to make clear its significance.

From the economic point of view, Russian doctrine is state Communism. There are 146,000,000 people in Russia, and eighty-three out of every 100 of them live in the country. One hundred and forty million acres of arable land were taken from the former landowners and distributed among the peasants. The grain-fields of Russia constitute one-third of the world's total grain area. And yet this country, blessed with incomparable agricultural opportunities, has been dependent on bread cards since March, 1929, and now

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has meat cards as well. German and Swedish farmers in number, finding the weight of oppression intolerable, have left Russia. Five thousand seven hundred and forty Germans have abandoned their farms and possessions, and will reveal to their countrymen what are the blessings of Bolshevism:

> They told us our wheat would ripen, but we saw only weeds. They promised us paradise on earth, and we have been in hell. They talked constantly of freedom, but Lenin decreed that the dictatorship of the proletariat would never grant freedom of speech.

A land without God—a land without a blessing. A land, also, which groans under a reign of terror comparable to bloodiest periods of history. Only a few days ago, hundreds of former officers of the old army were shot in their jails. Who does not recall the sentence of Isaiah upon a social order forgetful of Divine justice: "I looked for equity, and behold there is iniquity; for good, and I saw blood."

What is the attitude of the other peoples of Europe to this tragedy of Bolshevist emancipation? Are they too deeply immersed in industrial difficulties, or in the delights of prosperity, to be impressed by this drama? Shall they turn aside and ask, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Can one sit tranquilly beside one's fire while a neighbor's house is burning? The Russian question is a question of destiny for the whole of Europe and the whole of the world. The "revolution without God" seeks to march from Russia through a Europe without God and a world without God. And it is not a coincidence that signs of unrest have multiplied even in distant lands.

It is true enough that the Soviets have improved the economic condition of the industrial worker in Russia. That improvement had been imperatively necessary. Nevertheless the earnings of a laboring man in Russia today are much lower than those which prevail in European countries. It goes without saying that here as well as there the rights of the worker must be defended. But the rights of man also must not be trampled underfoot, and among these are the inalienable rights to believe in God, to worship Him in the company of one's fellows, to pray to Him, and to participate generally in still other manifestations of religious conviction.

Recently religious instruction was being given to children in the camp at Hammerstein, where German fugitives from Russia had been assembled. Thereupon adults came forward, too, and asked for the same instruction. It was long, they said, since they had listened to the word of God. Their souls were starving. Spiritual bread had been unattainable for them, even with bread cards. A traveler reports that he asked Russian school children if they said their night prayers. A boy sprang to his feet and said, "I say mine." He then pointed to companions and declared that these likewise prayed. Yet none of these children had ever received religious training, none had even attended Divine worship. Nostalgia for God is native to the human breast. No power on earth can destroy this boon, to which man's title is eternal.

If voices are raised in far-away England against persecution in Bolshevik Russia, shall we in Germany, closer to the scene, dare to keep silent? Or have our tongues been tied by industrial or diplomatic relationships? I say to the German people: Do not sell your soul and your honor for a copper mine! I say to religious confessions, political parties, international conferences: Do not waste your time quarreling over matters which are not nearly so important as this question! Do not haggle over the fruit of the tree while the ax is laid to the root! No question which confronts present-day Germany is so important as the question of the defense of the realm against Soviet invasion.

Let no one aver that this is a political matter. It is simply a matter of the Gospel—of the parable of the weeds in the field of grain. While the agents of Moscow traverse our country and paint the delights of the "Russian paradise," shall those of us who are sworn to defend the moral order keep silent? Or have we ourselves already succumbed to the influence of this subversive culture? All who still hold that religious freedom is truly a sovereign human privilege must unite their voices in protest and join hands in a movement of defense. Belief in God and in the authority of the law, the will to moral cleanliness—these must be conserved. And meanwhile we shall not forget that the Catholic Church, which sponsored the baptism of European culture and saved Europe from Mohammed, is today able to supply the spiritual weapons required for the conflict. When the language of the nations shall have grown chaotic as the jargon of Babylon, the hour of the Church's rising will have struck.

We raise our voices against the imprisonment of conscience and demand religious freedom for all. But we shall not content ourselves with this demand. We shall kneel to ask the virtue of the Most High. Prayer is not merely to be spoken on the heights; it must also be loud in the deeps, and before the abysses of Bolshevism. For a cause which is a world cause, we need the peace and the benediction of God.

What Words There Are to Say to You

What words there are to say to you at leaving
Are told by these things better than by me:
The quiet noon, the living billows heaving,
The sun on the clean sea.

Can thought of mine through fated incompleteness
Tell what the sea and sun at noon confess?
This moment held by them in pure discreteness—
Eternity no less.

From finite forms irrevocably fleeing
The sea has on her lips no tale of days,
But bright her breast and warm where the All-seeing
His radiant lightning lays.

M. Whitcomb Hess.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Places and Persons

MR. MENCKEN'S BIBLE FOR BOOBS

By MICHAEL WILLIAMS

ABOUT two years ago, Mr. H. L. Mencken gave up writing the weekly syndicate letter for a chain of Sunday newspapers which used to give his great body of readers so much pleasure, or rage, and in announcing this regrettable action he consoled his admirers and probably dismayed his enemies by saying he was taking time out from newspaper work in order to write a book. And he asked his readers to pray for him so that he might be strengthened and upheld in his laborious task. I do not know how many of his readers responded. I do know that many Catholics—including monks, friars, doctors of theology, and even bishops—justly admire Mr. H. L. Mencken, and very probably they prayed for him. Of course, they make distinctions in their admiration: they don't swallow Mr. Mencken's doctrine undiluted, and they analyze it before taking any particular draught of it, as prudent men must do, nowadays, with all their stimulants, alcoholic or intellectual.

Anyhow, I know that I prayed for him. I prayed publicly and at length, as the readers of The Commonweal may remember. Indeed, I was a little frightened by the improvised character of my petition to the heavenly Powers on behalf of Mr. Mencken and his book. It smacked of heresy. For undoubtedly it was based on private judgment. I admired, and still admire H. L. M., and I said so, and prayed lustily for him, and was ready to take the consequences. However, neither my bishop, still less the thunder of Rome, pronounced anathema against me. The prayer was suffered to proceed. I knew not what sort of book Mr. Mencken meant to write. I hoped it would be a book that would place a needed foundation beneath his varied and voluminous work: a book of Mr. Mencken's first principles: his philosophy: the credo of his innermost faith. Then a rumor reached me that the new book would be about religion, and at once I reread my article on Mr. Mencken, as a sort of repetition of my prayer.

And now—well, I will not say my prayer has been answered; but here is the new book by Mr. Mencken.* And I feel like the pious fisherman who angled on Sunday and who prayed for at least one bite, and hooked the sea serpent, and nearly died of fright. For I never expected such a horrendous book as this from H. L. M. But I felt bound to read it. It was a tough job, but I did it. If I was wrong in praying for this book, I've been properly punished; I've done my penance. It is the dullest book ever written by a brilliant man, although it has many passages in his best and most rousing style.

In the first place, I began my reading handicapped by an active irritation. This was not due to any grudge of mine against H. L. M. Quite the contrary. I am indebted to him for many a stirring ten minutes or so when I have read some article from his vigorous pen which applied the lash of his stinging style to some political or clerical expert in mumbo-jumbo.

So I could not and in fact did not blame my irritation on him. But somebody in his publisher's office had sent his book to me in care of "The Calvin Publishing Corporation." Now, The Commonweal is published by The Calvert Publishing Corporation. And George Calvert, Lord Baltimore, the great Catholic gentleman who founded Mr. Mencken's free state of Maryland —and after whom our own humble publishing enterprise is named—has about as much in common with Calvin, the gloomy founder of hell-fire predestination and infant damnation, as Mr. Mencken himself—in fact, a great deal less. How would Mr. Mencken feel if somebody wrote to him in care of the American Methodist, instead of the American Mercury? Well, I suppose he would laugh it off. So did I: after I really got into Mr. Mencken's book.

However—my Catholic charity getting the upper hand (with a struggle) of my all-too-human irritation —I blamed this bad start in getting at the job of reading Mr. Mencken's private revelation of the chemically pure and only reliable doctrine of the gods on some anonymous ironist in Mr. Knopf's office. So I made an act of forgiveness, and plunged into the foaming, furious torrent of Mr. Mencken's Prussian prose. I say Prussian prose in a descriptive sense, neither praising nor blaming the effect produced by it (just now, at least) but simply as the best way I can think of to express the technical element of Mr. Mencken's style. For his sentences march as to a goose-step measure—every sentence has a kick in it, and each kick is an act of war. Especially in this book. It is a pity that so many of the kicks are wasted on bogies.

About seven-tenths of the book is a restatement of the fantastic medley of facts or fancies, correct observations or wild surmises, scientific theories or purely imaginary pipe-dreams, of a weirdly incongruous group of previous writers on religion. It is a newspaper rewrite man's production. All newspapers nowadays have several rewrite men; facile and rapid composers of news stories and special articles built up of items telephoned into the office by reporters, and clippings hurriedly taken out of the newspaper's library (or "morgue") or facts (or fancies) taken out of the

* *Treatise on the Gods, by H. L. Mencken. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $5.00.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

World Almanac or the Times Index or this or that encyclopedia or book or sometimes simply out of their own heads. Mr. Mencken, of course, as a rewrite man, stands head and shoulders above most of that craft. For everything touched by him takes on some of his abounding vitality, lively interest, sardonic humor: it is stamped with his own brass-band style. And how exhilarating is good band music, especially when the band plays war music.

Nevertheless, no educated reader who is fairly well acquainted with the subject-matter need turn to Mr. Mencken's book for any new light upon it, nor even for an accurate outline of the matter. Compared with such a book as Christopher Dawson's recent volume, The Gods, Mr. Mencken's treatise, considered as a summary of information, or as a contribution to knowledge, simply does not exist. It is only valuable in that it throws light upon the central and fundamental principles animating and directing a man who has exercised an almost unprecedented influence—though briefly, and, I think, ephemerally—upon American life and letters.

But as for Mr. Mencken's less literate readers—whose name is legion—the case is far otherwise. For them he has written a sort of Bible of village atheism; a sort of cook-book for the eaters of priests. (He does not warn them against the proverbial indigestion.) His publishers are advertising widely Mr. Mencken's epigram that "Everything we are we owe to Satan and his bootleg apple," which will become a classic utterance of provincial or small-town atheism, about on the same level as Mr. Sinclair Lewis's equally well-advertised stunt of getting into a pulpit and daring God to strike him dead. It dates and classifies Mr. Mencken with painful precision. I should not wonder if the American Association for the Advancement of Atheism (how these modern cults do love long and polysyllabic titles!) did not choose this volume as their book of the month—nay, their book of the year. The queer new school of liberal theologians, like Dr. Potter and Professor Harry Elmer Barnes, will preach upon texts drawn from it. All the rough-neck highbrows who have deserted their newspaper jobs to become book reviewers and book writers, and magazine hell-hounds of the godly since H. L. M. transformed the ineffable Smart Set into the American Mercury, and hewed the way for Dreiser and Cabell, and Sherwood Anderson, and Sinclair Lewis, will doubtless acclaim the new revelation of their leader with wild applause. And if ever the anti-Goddites capture this country, as they are trying to capture Russia, Mr. Mencken will become a minor ikon (at the least) in the future temple of omnipotent man. Incense will be swung beneath his outraged nose. Candles will burn before the shrine where he will lay embalmed. And all this will be a logical outcome of his own theories as propounded in his new book. He is already a hero: tomorrow he will be a myth: a few years later, and he may well become a god, or, anyhow, a godette, placed in the Pantheon of the Panners of Priests, among Voltaire, and Joseph Lewis, and Winwood Reade, and Bob Ingersoll, and Grant Allen, and a host of minor champions, with Lenin himself smiling from the high altar of atheism.

And yet a huge mistake will have been made: as they so often have been made in similar deifications. For while Mr. Mencken has written a long book (oh, so, long, in places!) to prove how vain religion is, and how mankind's self-created gods have plagued him for milleniums, and how all priests everywhere and always are worse pests than the gods they serve, nevertheless, the book proves that Mr. Mencken possesses sturdy and permanent religious virtues. His faith, for example, is absolutely mystical and sublime. At a time when so many scientists are deserting Darwin and Huxley, and when the clashing and quarreling of the multitudinous sects of evolution have reached a point which makes all the historical theological shindies insignificant (so far as clamor and publicity are concerned) Mr. Mencken stands forth as the unshaken apostle of the strictest school of the pure and unadulterated one-bet-on-the-ace Darwinians.

He does not follow Darwin: he is a Darwinian. He follows those who made a new religion of materialism out of Darwin's facts and theories and speculations. And on a hundred pages of his new Bible for boobs (which yet is so very old a Bible) he sings his Credo:

In the beginning (probably) there was something (if there *was* a beginning, because Einstein may yet prove that the end came first: tail-first so to speak); and then there was protoplasm, and tadpoles, and the god of evolution only knows what other intermediate forms; and then (hurrah, now we're getting somewhere) there were monkeys, the sardonic cousins of man. But, alas, "for many generations, perhaps thousands of years, he [man: homo Menckenensis] found life increasingly unpleasant, for the cells of his cortex had been gradually proliferating, and the more they proliferated the more he was afflicted by a new curse: the power to think."

That's enough to represent the general idea, to show Mr. Mencken's naive and pathetic faith in primitive Darwinism, and the sad effect the doctrine has had upon his views of man and his destiny.

According to Mr. Mencken, as soon as man began to think he began to suffer. As he increases in thinking power, his misery grows. Principally, this is due to priests. (Why, as man began to think, and kept on increasing his power of thought, he should have delivered himself over body and soul to the pestiferous priests, Mr. Mencken does not explain. It seems queer: but then the whole book is queer. Let the point pass.)

Anyhow, according to Mr. Mencken it really does not matter. Only a tiny fragment of mankind, anywhere, or at any time, is capable of the true faith, which is complete and absolute scepticism, combined, in these latter days, with science: which is the discovery, measurement, and stating of physical facts. All the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rest of mankind are boobs, manipulated by the priests, for the benefit of the latter: for the sake of money, or an easy life, or power over the boobs.

Mr. Mencken asserts in his preface that "Current theologies" (a curious phrase, by which presumably he means religious beliefs and the attempts to explain or define them) "have conditioned the thinking of mankind since the infancy of the race, and. . . remain forces of great potency to this day," despite "what may be said against them on evidential grounds." Therefore "they deserve examination in a fair and scientific spirit." It is true, however, that this claim to the fair and impartial status of the scientist (which gave me the first of many laughs I enjoyed while reading the book) is severely jolted a few pages further on, where the newspaper training and habit of Mr. Mencken's mind thrusts the pale phantom of the scientist away from the throttle of this war tank charging against the gods. "When we hear of it" (of religion) Mr. Mencken writes, "in everyday life it is usually in connection with some grandiose pretension by its priests or practitioners or some unseemly row or scandal among them." Precisely. All the enormous, silent, powerful forces of religion flowing beneath the occasional scandals so avidly seized upon by news editors and Mr. Mencken's own "Americana" department in his magazine: the millions of men and women giving all their lives to serving the poor, the sick, the aged, the incurables, the insane, the lepers: the thousands of others devoting themselves to education and art and science and culture—all this news does not "get into the papers," and scientists of the Mencken type have no reliable criterion by which to measure and judge them.

What the greater part of Mr. Mencken's big book amounts to is an overwhelming attestation of the fact that the greater portion of mankind everywhere and at all times is religious: according to Mr. Mencken's own definition of religion: which is that religion's "single function is to give man access to the powers which seem to control his destiny, and its single purpose is to induce those powers to be friendly to him." I will leave it to the theologians to deal with the theological merits or demerits of Mr. Mencken's dogma: for me it is plenty good enough, and man shows the common sense which among other qualities makes him man and makes him distinct from the rest of created things by the belief and the conduct which so outrages Mr. Mencken. But why does Mr. Mencken consider that what the great mass of mankind has always held to be true and good, in reality is false and bad? It is not only because the mass of mankind is composed of what Mr. Mencken calls "the boobs" that he flies from them. No; for he is at pains to record the further fact that most of the great literary geniuses and philosophers are on the side of the people. They reject most of the mere superstitions that always accompany religion in this imperfect world of ours; but in their belief in some supreme and spiritual being at the centre of, yet transcending, all material phenomena, the truly representative men and women of the human race are in hearty agreement with the plain people. Plato, Socrates and the Greek dramatists, are quoted by Mr. Mencken as witnesses to this fact; which he explains by saying that they were "cautious," and feared to "oppose custom in religious observance." The thoroughgoing sceptics, on the other hand, in ancient times as in modern, have a thin time of it, and are themselves inevitably third or fourth raters in the hierarchy of human genius. The Greek sceptics, Mr. Mencken informs us, are such men as Arcesilans, and Carneades, dug up out of the graves of time by their modern followers and put on the same shelf with their modern compeers: the Winwood Reades, and Grant Allens, and Anatole Frances, and Robert Ingersolls, and others of that small minority of deniers of divinity who bob up from time to time, create a brief success of shock and scandal, and soon are forgotten and ignored. They make me think of what Arthur Edward Waite somewhere writes, when he describes the vagrants who search for fleas what time the procession passes on amid the sunshine, wreathed with flowers, singing chants of praise, amid gusts of incense, led by their priests, to the temple of the eternal. Their snarlings and odd antic posturings may create some distraction among the worshipers, and some may even fall out of the ranks to amuse themselves with these barbarian mountebanks; but the main procession proceeds: and still it proceeds.

So much for the main part of Mr. Mencken's book. I sincerely recommend it to Catholic seminaries and colleges as required reading: for the sake of the complete demonstration it gives of the baseless and confused and inconsistent and wildly unreasonable state of the case against religion as put forward by one of the most influential writers of today. For Mencken, writing on religion, brings forth the sort of thing one might expect if a tone-deaf man who (like Ambrose Bierce) considered music as the most irritating of all noises should write a book on Palestrina, Beethoven and Bach; or, as if a color-blind man should strive to express the essential meaning of Giotto, Rembrandt, El Greco and Valesquez; or as if Bishop Cannon should try to define and illustrate the life adventures and works of H. L. Mencken. A basic lack of comprehension would afflict all such authors, as it has afflicted Mr. Mencken.

Yet, in some parts of his book, Mr. Mencken displays an unexpected side of his splendid literary gift. He becomes a novelist: or, anyhow, a motion picture scenario writer of no mean ability. Like Jack London and H. G. Wells and Ignatius Donnelly, he tries his hand at imagining and depicting prehistoric conditions. The roaring (but unconscious) humor of his picture of the first priest: of the lusty fellow who first discovered that when he took his club and smashed at some invading flood (instead of imitating the other cavemen by merely thwacking his wife) and then that by mere chance it happened that the flood stopped rising, that henceforth he was a priest, and could loaf the rest of his life and be fed by the tribe—all this is truly

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gorgeous. Hollywood should grab for it. Lon Chaney would make a superb figure as the proto-priest of the revelation of evolution, according to H. L. Mencken.

Yet, with that admirable and characteristic honesty which belongs to H. L. M., in the concluding chapter of his new gospel he faces a few facts which are disagreeable to him, yet which, being facts, he candidly deals with. Religion is a farcical humbug, according to his gospel: and mankind, led by the really free and enlightened minds for whom Mr. Mencken speaks, is at last seeing through its fradulent nature: but...but yet (you may almost hear Mr. Mencken sigh) "it may be that, by thus moving away from religion, man is losing something." It may be, he continues, "that religion, taking it by and large, at least makes human beings happier." But instantly he grows stern again. He remembers his master, and prophet, Nietzsche, who long ago told us that we must "be hard!" Abolish happiness! Abolish peotry as well! Mr. Mencken justly notes that all religions, but particulary the Jewish and the Christian faiths, cause the greatest of poetry to flourish. But that point is soon disposed of. Mr. Mencken is inclined to believe that poetry, after all, is only a minor art, if God and His religion, and His priests, and the human happiness caused by religion, are to go, why not let poetry drop into the void together with them? Why not be hard? As for his bitter and indiscriminating attack on the Jews, it is Junkerism at its worst.

Very well: but the image invoked by the name of Friedrich Nietzsche (unfortunately for Mr. Mencken's stern doctrine) suggests anything rather than masculine, hard devotion to truth. One thinks of that sentimental and neurotic—and finally insane—little college professor, harried and haggard, with his conflicting devotions to Wagner and Bizet, hesitating as to whether he ought to dance on a tight rope across the abyss of life, or to take a hammer like Thor and smash all the Christian churches—and one wonders why Mr. Mencken, who for so many years has been harrying the sentimental, sociological college professors, should select one of them as the prophet of his own evangel.

But Mr. Mencken is a loyal soul. Long ago he plumped for Darwin, and so he sticks by Darwin. Long ago, he was thrilled by the prose poetry of the neurotic German professor, and he will not desert him now when the humanists (Irving Babbitt and Paul Elmer More at their heads) and the super-humanists (the world-wide battalions of the reawakened Catholic religion) the priests at their head, are marching against the new barbarians of materialism. He stands fast. He hurls his book at them. And I hope anyhow that his foes will read it. It is lots of fun. From that point of view, my own prayer has been well rewarded.

Even as concerns Catholicism, this admirable loyalty of H. L. M. is displayed. He loves his native Baltimore (as why should he not love that charming, romantic and free city, founded by the Catholic gentleman, George Calvert, Baron Baltimore?) So in his bibliography Mr. Mencken stoutly asserts that "the best exposition of Catholic doctrine is probably The Faith of Our Fathers, by the late Cardinal Gibbons." Well, that book has sold by the millions of copies; unquestionably it is one of the best of the many popular and highly simplified accounts of what Catholics believe—but, if Mr. Mencken really wants his readers to study the doctrine he condemns it is well that he also mentions the Catholic Encyclopedia and Dr. Karl Adam, of the University of Tubingen, Germany, the author of The Spirit of Catholicism. But Cardinal Gibbons was and is a glory of Baltimore, and Mr. Mencken all his life has by word and example stood up sturdily for home and hearth against the barbaric cosmopolitanism of hotel dwellers and neurotic tourists. Praise him for that in all the gates, and by the hearths, of home!

ROUND ABOUT THE CONGO

By JOHN CARTER

THE road to Africa lies through London and Paris. As in Europe and to a lesser extent in South America, France and Great Britain are masters and beneficiaries of the status quo in Africa. The citadel and justification of Franco-British imperialism lies in the great, dark and wealthy continent of Africa. Africa is Europe's colony par excellence. It is true that there are Belgian, Italian, Portuguese and Spanish colonies all the way around the clock from Djibouti to Casablanca, Leopoldville and Delagoa Bay. But the whip hand is held by Paris and London, which can jointly veto or authorize any shift in the status quo. Italy in Cyrenaica, Eritrea and Somaliland; Belgium in the Congo; Portugal in East Africa and Angola; Spain in Morocco, the Rio de Oro and Fernando Po—all are overshadowed by the solid organization of economic and colonial power wielded by the French republic and the united kingdom. In north and northwest Africa France has a magnificent empire—Tunis, Algiers, the protectorate of Morocco, the Camerons, the French Congo, the central plateau of northern Africa, with footholds on the Red Sea and the great island of Madagascar to keep the tricolor flying on the east coast. British statesmanship for generations has bent itself to the task of painting as much of Africa as possible as red as possible. The continent of Livingstone and Stanley, of Gordon and Kitchener, of Cecil Rhodes and General Smuts, is now the great reservoir of raw materials and the training school of statesmen that British India was during the first seventy-five years of the nineteenth century. The Suez Canal, built by French capital and skill, controlled by British states-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

manship and sea power, Egypt, the Sudan, East Africa with its high plateaus and its plantations, the Rhodesias, the Anglo-Dutch dominion of South Africa, the chain of British colonies up the west coast, including the Gold Coast and the vast domain of Nigeria—this is the last stronghold of the imperialism which Kipling preached and Disraeli practised.

There is nothing in American history to compare to it. To have brought order to tribal barbarism, to have suppressed piracy, the slave trade, to have mitigated slavery and cannibalism, to have developed wealth and spread civilization, railroads, highways, mines, irrigation works and water power in the largest and wealthiest of the continents—this is the Franco-British achievement. It is necessary to appreciate this if America is ever going to participate in the era of economic development which is dawning for Africa. You must understand the London fogs and the London clubs to prosper in Nigeria; to do business in Tunis, the Café de la Paix and the ubiquitous "Défense d'Afficher" are prerequisites. The two empires are so inextricably intertwined all over the African map that they must, willy-nilly, stand together. The two powers are as one in defense of the status quo which they have created and from which they hope to draw future wealth and prosperity.

Now, Africa is rich. Only South America possesses comparable wealth and in South America the Monroe Doctrine has never stood as an effective barrier against French or British trade, investments and industry. But the wealth of Africa is not equally available to the world. The union of South Africa, despite its biracial government and its rising nationalism, has seen its mineral wealth of gold, diamonds, vanadium and copper become the private preserve for the London financiers who stood behind the Boer War. It is the Cadbury and other British cocoa interests which profit by the cocoa plantations of the gold coast. It is for the mills of Lancashire that cotton and irrigation developments are being promoted in Nigeria and the Sudan. The Leverhulme soap interests profit from the palm oil of the west coast. Similarly, French interests very naturally receive the insider's slice of the profits to be made in French African possessions. All this is to be expected. We ourselves handle the great bulk of the foreign trade of the Philippines despite their distance from our chief markets and their proximity to those of Asia. Africa contains boundless agricultural wealth, huge stores of gold, copper and other metals, it contains the world's greatest store of undeveloped water power and is the most valuable and logical of Europe's colonial and economic appendages.

The major economic interest of the United States in Africa lies in the future. For that reason analyses and statistics of present trade are valueless. Africa itself is very largely an economic future. Our trade with the entire continent is an insignificant fraction of our trade with the world and distinctly less than our trade with any one of half a dozen countries. The future of our trade with Africa is an entirely different matter. We cannot afford to neglect Africa and if we try to cultivate Africa we find the continent neatly parceled out among a handful of European countries.

It is symptomatic of the difficulties which we must overcome that the only footholds American interests have been able to obtain have been in independent and semi-independent countries. The only independent African nations are the republic of Liberia, just below the tip of the bulge of west Africa, and the empire of Abyssinia, wedged in the northeast corner of the continent between the Sudanese deserts and the harsh Somali and Red Sea coasts. In Abyssinia an American engineering corporation—J. G. White Company of New York City—have obtained the contract for the big Lake Tsana (Blue Nile Dam) on which hangs the future of British irrigation projects in the Sudan. In Liberia the Firestone interests have obtained a concession of 1,000,000 acres for the growing of rubber which will render us partially independent of the British-Dutch monoply. On the northwest corner of the continent, also, we have a foothold in Morocco where the equality of commercial opportunity assured us by the Act of Algeciras of 1906 has been barely maintained against the steady pressure from the authorities of the French protectorate, who have striven for over a decade to convert the country into a sphere of economic as well as political influence. Elsewhere, the new independence of Egypt has been followed by a brisk growth of American-Egyptian trade, and in South Africa there is opportunity for trade relations as favorable as those enjoyed by the united kingdom. That, at any rate, is the logic of the situation created by the recent German-South African treaty which gives to German goods most-favored-nation treatment, including the benefit of preferential rates which may be accorded to the united kingdom.

As may be imagined, these opportunities are slight as compared to those which the colonial powers themselves enjoy, and they have been achieved only in the face of determined opposition. The Tsana Dam project was acquired only after the most vigorous political and economic competition and was probably granted largely because of the division of European policies in Abyssinia, where British, French and Italian lines of policy cross each other and neutralize each other from time to time in the vicissitudes of European politics. The commercial equality guaranteed by the Act of Alegeciras to American trade has been greatly circumscribed in both the Spanish and the French zones of the Shereefian empire. The Firestone project in Liberia was only acquired after protracted and painful negotiations, in the face of British and French scepticism and of the customary liberal disapprobation in the United States. In the union of South Africa we have made no move whatsoever to attempt to widen the breach in the British preferential system which the German treaty made. We have exchanged ministers with the union and shall doubtless, as with the other

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

British dominions, endeavor to cultivate the most friendly political relations, but we shall be very cautious about becoming entangled in what may, after all, prove to be only a temporary political gesture toward completer economic independence of British markets and British entrepreneurs. In the meantime, South Africa will provide us with a constantly expanding market for our frontier products—mining machinery, automotives, tractors, agricultural machinery, lubricants, gasoline and the other mechanical devices which we have found most practical in opening up a new country.

The basic problem which we face in Africa is to secure and maintain the open door without challenging Europe's "Monroe Doctrine" which preserves the dark continent as the political appanage of the old world. So far, we have had little to complain of. The British have given us a fair break on the trade. A certain amount of administrative and technical discrimination is inevitable. But the great independent trading companies which handle the bulk of the west African trade have been as willing to stock American goods as any other, provided there was a demand for them. American capital has freely participated in British mining ventures in South Africa. International conventions have assured practical equality of trade in the Congo and in the lucrative markets of the west African coast. No notable restrictions in British Africa have prevented American planters from opening up the country. France, on the other hand, in keeping with the spirit of her people and institutions, has been more rigidly exclusive, and with the fresh economic financial and political power which she acquired from the war this tendency will doubtless be accentuated. France has devoted a very considerable portion of German reparation payment to improving the economic equipment of her possessions. The result will be that France alone will enjoy an open door in her African colonies and that the French will be the most vigorous opponents of American economic expansion in Africa.

This is in keeping with what may be termed the European Monroe Doctrine. For a non-European nation to acquire strategic or political footholds in Africa would send a political shudder through the chanceries of Europe. For Japan or the United States to express an interest— even a polite interest—in the territorial distribution of the African world would do more to promote European political solidarity than all the economic conferences in the world. Economically and politically, North Africa is more a part of Europe than are Mexico, the Caribbean and Central American countries parts of North America. If we were ready to fight England over the Venezuela incident more than thirty years ago, what would Europe feel if we suddenly challenged, let us say, the sultan of Morocco whom France controls, or if we suddenly proclaimed that Abyssinia had signed a treaty of protectorate with Washington? Our very mild and natural interest in the Liberian republic, which we established for our freed slaves a century ago, has occasioned diplomatic curiosity, if no more, at Paris and London. Anything which suggested a desire to alienate any part of Africa from the snug control of the European rulers would be fatal to any hope we may entertain of developing closer economic relations with that continent.

An additional reason for such caution is the precarious color problem which is arising to challenge white European control. Egyptian nationalism has induced Great Britain to grant independence to the kingdom of the Nile. In the union of South Africa the nationalist government is faced with an ugly race and labor situation arising out of the control of the country by a white planter and poor-white minority in the face of a growing black majority. In the Natal and in East Africa, to the Negro problem is added the desire of the white planters to obtain labor at all costs and a growing impatience in India at the British policy which excludes British Indian subjects from British East Africa. The French have endeavored to solve the racial problem by a strictly egalitarian policy which has attained a political success, but which is powerless to deal with the major issue of exploitation of native labor. Forced labor methods in French and other Latin colonies in Africa suggest that the experiment of racial equality is bound to modify itself.

The African situation is already sufficiently complicated by political, economic and racial factors to make us exceedingly wary in pushing our commercial interests at the expense of the status quo. What we shall seek in the Africa of the future is not so much a market for our manufactures as adequate sources of necessary tropical raw materials and minerals. Occasional frontier markets, as in South Africa today, East Africa tomorrow and Abyssinia the day after tomorrow, may be able to purchase a considerable volume of our more characteristic national products. The greatest single African resource—water power—may in time yield opportunity for our utility interests. On the whole, however, our chief interest will lie in securing a fair opportunity for trade and fair treatment for such isolated ventures as the Firestone plantations which ignore the "no trespassing" signs and set up shop in Europe's economic bailiwick. And for these purposes, acceptance of the status quo is the prerequisite.

France and Great Britain have largely created modern Africa. Unless we are prepared to acknowledge their primacy in the dark continent and to recognize the magnitude of their colonizing achievements, we shall find our efforts to cultivate trade with Africa are in vain. If, however, our capital, our engineering brains and our resources are put at the disposal of British and French colonial enterprise, we shall find that there is honor and profit enough for all in that vast kidney-shaped treasure-house of natural wealth that dangles from Europe between the warm waters of the south Atlantic and the Indian Ocean, and which has broken the hearts of statesmen from the days of Moses and Hannibal to those of Caprivi, Delcassé and Bethmann-Hollweg.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SEVERAL HUMANISTS

By GEORGE N. SHUSTER

"I CAN'T explain myself because I'm not myself, you see," Alice confided to the Caterpillar. That is an admission which ought to be memorized by the great majority of her fellow-citizens. To define oneself adequately is to get at least half a grip on immortality. Though the great French moralists are seldom read these days, each lives on solidly because he managed to classify himself definitively as something. Where would Montaigne be without his "good faith," or Vauvenarges minus a "sense of glory"? And so it is not astonishing that American critics who have lately rallied to the banner of Professor Babbitt should try to give the word "humanism" a becoming collective significance. Their effort is neatly synthetized in Humanism and America, an assemblage of fifteen odd essays edited by Norman Foerster and published by Farrar and Rinehart (New York: $3.50). I confess that the book interested me not a little. The collapse of naturalism and the revival of New England is a major national phenomenon which has, more than incidentally, affected the discussion of religious values.

But what is humanism? In replying the present book gets little farther, it would seem, than Alice. According to Professor Foerster, "the word humanism should be confined to a working philosophy seeking to make a resolute distinction between man and nature and between man and the divine." Professor Babbitt, for his part, tells us that " 'nothing too much' is indeed the central maxim of all genuine humanists, ancient and modern." Dr. Mather contents himself with a critical appraisal of the younger generation: "I am really glad that I shall probably not see the young generation when it passes the forties . . . the middle-aged dull dog of today will be as nothing in view of his successor of twenty years hence." Nor is the list of adherents drawn up with exemplary clarity. Professor Foerster declares:

> In one way or another the doctrine and discipline of humanism have been clarified by persons as various as Homer, Phideas, Plato, Aristotle, Confucius, Buddha, Jesus, Paul, Virgil, Horace, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Goethe; more recently, by Matthew Arnold in England and Emerson and Lowell in America.

A fairly confusing list, one thinks, which has the added peculiarity of sounding like a little girl's zoölogy —the dinosaur, the elephant and the field-mice. Turning the pages of the volume, you see that various of the illustrious are read in and out of good society. The only person to meet with virtually unanimous approval is Matthew Arnold. Is humanism, after all, merely Arnoldism?

Upon reflection one feels that this verdict would be inaccurate. The matter (and the book) can be got at fairly easily if one reads three central and significant essays, by Messrs. G. R. Elliott, More and Babbitt. The rest is periphery, designed to exhibit the camp-followers, and interesting chiefly because of the homage it exudes. Perhaps the suggestion that a few ideas fascinate these writers may be slightly formal, but it is justified and will help us. The untenable assumptions of science, the limitations of naturalistic literature, the dwindling acceptance of aristocracy in culture and social life—these are the topics of the sermons. Any modern man who has his wits about him knows that all three are important. But I am not so sure that he will be satisfied with humanistic discourse about them. Science, for instance, is the subject-matter of Louis Trenchard More; and while much that he says appears exceedingly valuable to one who is wofully unfamiliar with test-tubes and spatial mathematics, his central concern—rigid separation between the mechanistic and vitalistic domains—seems as impossible in practice as it is arbitrary in theory. That there is a separation is proved by the facts, but it can hardly be determined a priori. In other words, I do not think that Professor More has solved the peculiar modern problem which is surely less a matter of what science "ought" to do than a question as to the validity of a personal escape from cosmic abstractions.

I make this observation because it seems to apply to much said in the name of humanism about other realities, notably those of literature and religion. Some of our book is, of course, merely dowdyish. There is the essay of Professor Harry Hayden Clark on American fiction, which is almost foggy and dull enough to justify the suspicion that the author is to be subsidized for life by some particularly exclusive foundation. But Mr. Gorham Munson and Professor Robert Shafer are interesting and, I believe, representative. Mr. Munson has a doctrine and the ardor of his conversions is memorable. His essay is concerned with critics, but more essentially with American letters after 1915. Enter, in a manner typical of the paper, Stuart Sherman. Now the Lord knows that Sherman had his limitations, traceable in a measure to a relatively noticeable provincialism. As soon as you read what Mr. Munson has to say about him, however, you become an ardent protagonist. Sherman "is of exceptional interest to us . . . he admired Matthew Arnold." That is the bond—indeed the only reason why the converti Munson deigns to take notice of Sherman at all. But the poor fellow does not compare with Arnold: "The difference in their prose is the difference between distinction and mere competence." There follows a sentence chosen at random from one of the minor addresses of Sherman, convicted at once

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of being "lustreless." Well, I have read my Arnold fairly well and am ready to wager almost anything I own that at the height of his powers he could never have written a page of Sherman's essay on Franklin, or even so much as a paragraph of his Imaginary Conversation with P. E. More. And was Arnold never "lustreless"? I seem to recall dozens and dozens of sentences vaguely repetitious and drab, without even a hint of the laughter which so frequently reminded one that Sherman was alive.

"Nineteenth-century-minded was Stuart Sherman," we are asked to believe. "His perennial enthusiasms were for Whitman, Emerson and Stevenson." Is it necessary to state, at this last hour, that Sherman himself placed Shakespeare in the heart of his literary universe and even insisted, with some effort, that he be allowed to remain there? But Mr. Munson's chief indictment of Sherman is couched in the terrible humanistic phrase, "unselective sympathy." His ghastly crime was that he did not, like M. Charles Maurras, try "to conceive clearly of a perfect and normal man and argue for a closer approach to normality in human affairs"—which means, if anything, that Sherman was too little of a Nietzschean. Perhaps he was. But if the humanistic movement were handed the same kind of criticism, plainly and grossly biased, as is here meted out by Mr. Munson, it would collapse under an attack of biliousness. It seems to me that the inclusion of such a paper (ardent but not discerning) in such a book is more than a blunder of taste. It is an offense against courtesy. But at the close of the essay all is made clear. "I take the risk of nominating Matthew Arnold as having the build of a great critic," we are assured. And after this all one can do is turn on the radio.

Professor Shafer's discussion of Theodore Dreiser is, on the whole, an incisive dissection of a bungled literary personality. But there is a sense in which it is so beside the point that the matter invites comment. Dreiser is exhibited as driven by "naturalism" to "a view of life as gratuitous as it is unmeaning," and to "a bottomless morass of misrepresentation and despair" which is "the American tragedy of our confused age." Now I venture to object first that Dreiser was driven by sheer common sense, and secondly that this is not the "tragedy of our age." Common sense? Dreiser, brought up a Catholic under circumstances which made religion seem despicable, nevertheless clung to his faith until he had learned the newspaper game in some of those olden-time offices where the chief inspiration was liquor and the spiritual outlook, the variety of atheism which used to flourish in down-at-the-heels second-hand bookstores. The exchange of this atheism for Catholicism once having been made, all the Dreiser adventures were logical. He saw men as attached to no Spirit, as welded staunchly to universal forces and urges. His books show not that he had become a naturalist, but simply that he had lost his faith. It is pleasant to think that he did not toy thereafter with vaporish idealisms or the "cosmic chill," and simply went ahead to live as any rational man might well live—if there were no God. This was a tragedy, of course, but it must be staged deliberately against the newspaperdom and the urban atheism of a quarter of a century ago. "Our age" has the central rôle in an entirely different tragedy, rooted in a catastrophic unawareness of religion. Dreiser is old-fashioned enough to be like Zola. The modern time is like Proust, and it is essential that we should understand the difference.

I emphasize it because, in coming round to the three central papers in this book, I find that it has engrossed the attention of Professor Elliott. Taking "the pride of modernity" for his topic, he has written—unfortunately it is the style of which one may legitimately complain—a paper which, apart from reëstablishing Arnold where he belongs, is fine enough to be termed worth the time of any thoughtful American who is interested in mankind. It is really as telling an analysis of the modern spirit, derived from experience no less than from books, as any modern essayist has supplied; and while I feel unable, personally, to agree with all its findings and conclusions, it is a pleasure to say that if this be humanism we could look for no better cultural comradeship. But I cannot avoid the feeling that Elliott has opened the door a little too wide for the comfort of his household—that, one of these days, he may be dismissed from humanistic citizenship for "unselective sympathy." Oddly enough, I begin to have a somewhat similar feeling about Paul Elmer More. If he were not so much of an aristocrat, in every sense, he might well give his brethren a jolt. But in the present book he is not himself, having dispatched what are patently loose sheets from a journal. Can he have groaned over the prospect of humanism's becoming popular and have rushed to the printer copy designed to prevent such a disaster? At any rate his reward, in this case, shall be merely one reader's disappointment. All of which does not alter the fact that, quite apart from his great importance in criticism, Mr. More is one of the few Americans who have visibly continued to grow.

Professor Babbitt is in the centre of this book, entrenched squarely behind an essay which attempts to define humanism. It does define Professor Babbitt more satisfactorily, perhaps, than any of his other writings. Especially worthy of note is the statement: "For my part, I range myself unhesitatingly on the side of the supernaturalists." Here Professor Babbitt means not that "humanism is necessarily ineffective apart from dogmatic and revealed religion," but that the humanist "will have to take sides in the debate between the naturalists and the supernaturalists." Though this is not to be construed as a "bid" for Catholic support, it reinforces so much that Babbitt has previously said regarding the Church that a few earnest words relative to it seem in order. I may be permitted to say that, while I have no experience of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the reputed personal influence of Babbitt, my debt to him is great. He seems to me the only American thinker who offers a system possessing any real inner vitality. Nor is it possible to ignore his magnificent intellectual courage—the vigorous resolve of a man who not merely swam uphill himself but taught others how to do so. All this I have said upon occasion, with such effectiveness as I could muster.

But, though these preliminaries are deserving of all the stress one can give them, something must be said on the other side as well. First, it seems to me utterly out of the question to identify the Church with any one humanistic position, any given set of cultural institutions or historical facts. Christendom is an organic society, the only possible attitude of which toward civilization is a respectable eclecticism. Just as it once assimilated the world of pagan imagination for the simple reason that its members were people who had received a bequest of pagan fancy, so it would now be denying its own tradition if it did not become modern to the fullest possible extent. Modern, of course, does not mean modernistic. Our age is suffering from perilous diseases, is victimized by its especial heresies. That is, however, no reason for condemning the age. During what period of its history, one may ask, has the Church not confronted drifts of thought and feeling quite as formidable and devastating as those which now seethe about us? It has always been victorious not by reason of its maxims, but because of its enduring vitality.

Such vitality never has and never will place the chief insistence upon those astringent disciplines which are the valuable stock-in-trade of Professor Babbitt. It will advocate them, of course. It will applaud those who apply them to civilization in the same spirit as physicians cauterize physical wounds. But we must remember that "nothing too much" cannot be the fundamental Christian maxim. A uniform temperature of seventy degrees is not enough in the world of nature; poise is not enough in the realm of the spirit. The products of the Church are its saints, and sanctity perennially runs the gamut between asceticism and ecstasy. For most of us, it is true, normalcy is fate. Our disciplines become flagellations, our ecstasies insanities. But so far as one is able to judge, mankind has traveled toward the light by leaping desperately through the dark.

No Catholic view of culture is complete if it fails to recognize these opposites as a fundamental part of its doctrine. There is a little book which philosophizes so well about this matter that it seems to me one of the really important modern Catholic books, and I modestly recommend it to Professor Babbitt. It is Romano Guardini's Der Gegensatz. Though not yet so widely read as one might hope, this treatise seems to me to express a basic aspect of the modern Catholic consciousness. Of course it assumes a tremendous organic spiritual vitality. But Christendom either has such a vitality or it has not been telling the world the truth about itself. Because I feel that Babbitt, like his compeers in France, Pierre Lasserre and Julien Benda, is not aware of this fact, it seems necessary to express the conviction that while the Catholic mind will welcome his assistance and admire his moral integrity, its own march through the world will be freer than his.

FINGER-PRINTING THE ALIEN

By OLIVER McKEE, JR.

AFTER a decade of rather academic discussion by political leaders and others, the proposal for a registration of aliens has suddenly become a live issue at the Capitol. The issue came to a head with the hearing before the Senate Immigration Committee on the bill introduced by Senator Cole M. Blease, of South Carolina, providing for a voluntary registration of aliens. The Blease bill, is a mere incident in a struggle between two groups, and two schools of thought. On the one hand are those who see in the bill of the South Carolina Senator the opening wedge in a drive for the compulsory registering and tagging of the alien members of the American household. On the other side is the group which, in supporting this particular measure, together with other bills to tighten up the restriction on immigration, hopes to pave the way for later enrolment and a thoroughgoing check on all the unnaturalized foreign-born in our population. The line between the two groups is sharp and clearly drawn, and compulsory registration, rather than the innocuous Blease Bill, was the real issue under debate at this time.

The platform of 1920 committed the Republican party to the principle of the registration of aliens. It was put in these words: "To facilitate government supervision all aliens should be required to register annually until they become naturalized." The American people were just emerging from hysteria and other emotional by-products of the war. Immigration restriction was becoming a real political issue, and a fear and distrust of the alien went hand in hand with the demand that a curb be placed upon the influx of the foreign-born. In 1921, Senator Shortridge, of California, introduced a bill providing for the compulsory enrolment of aliens as a part of a broader-citizenship program. On enrolling, the alien would be given certain educational advantages, and would be speeded along the path of naturalization.

Secretary of Labor Davis, once an immigrant boy himself, gave the Shortridge bill his most unqualified

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

support. In answering certain objections that had been made against the bill he said:

> Some objection has been raised on the ground that the enrolment provision would constitute a system of espionage similar to that which has been practised by the militaristic governments of some of the countries of Europe. If any one of the 531 senators and representative thought for one moment that this would develop into an espionage system, or savor of the autocratic monarchistic régime of the broken European governments, the measure would never be considered for a moment, and I for one should use every vestige of power which I possess to defeat such a move if it were made. But this legislation is, I am sure, an honest effort on the part of the government to coöperate with every private organization and individual in raising the standard of citizenship, and making it easier to attain that standard and acquire the privilege. True, as an incident to the working of the law, those aliens of anarchistic blood and selfish motives for aggrandizement would be discovered. We would prevent the extortion of millions of dollars by people now engaged in making out and advising on citizenship matters for aliens unable to understand the process. The provisions of the new legislation are not to spy upon the alien in the United States on legitimate business. It is intended to aid him in his search for the better things in life, to give him an opportunity to understand us, and give us an opportunity to understand him, so that we may be able to live together with better understanding of each other's trials and ambitions, and to make for all a better and safer place to reside.

In the House, a bill much more drastic was introduced, and the storm of opposition which developed over its alleged "espionage" features sounded the knell at that session of all registration measures, including the Shortridge bill. The indefatigable Mr. Davis, however, continued to champion the proposal, and urged Congress, in a number of his annual reports, to place an enrolment bill on the statute books. In his 1925 report, he outlined in detail the plan he had in mind, and the machinery for carrying it out. The alien, he said, should be enrolled following his arrival in the United States, and Congress should make provision for an annual census of the unnaturalized, and a system of education in Americanism, under which each alien would have an opportunity to learn the English language and something, as well, of American history, traditions, institutions and ideals. While recommending the enrolment primarily as a means "of helping the alien to help himself to the best that America could afford," Mr. Davis admitted that his plan would also achieve certain other desiderata, from the government's viewpoint, namely reveal the presence of the alien here in violation of the law, or the alien who seeks "by words or acts to induce the violent overturn of our institutions." Under his plan, undesirable or dangerous aliens would be deported.

Mr. Davis returned to the subject in his reports for the two following years. In 1926 he took occasion to emphasize that he had in mind neither police registration nor regulation. It was not an espionage measure, he insisted. And in his 1927 report, he said:

> I wish to make it plain that my recommendation does not contemplate a system of police registration, fingerprinting and the like, but a means of acquiring in the Bureau of Naturalization for use in connection with legalizing prior admissions, an official roster of aliens under the protection of our flag.

Congressional interest in registration waned perceptibly after the failure of the Shortridge bill. As the smoke of this conflict disappeared in the clouds, legislators at the Capitol turned their attention to other phases of the immigration problem, notably toward restrictive immigration proposals. An occasional registration or enrolment bill was introduced, but the introduction caused scarcely a ripple in the legislative waters. Of recent months, however, there has been a marked revival of interest. Two main causes lie behind this. The present wave of unemployment, and the economic depression which was an aftermath of the Stock Exchange crash, have contributed one of these causes, and the recrudescence of fears of Communism and Red activity constitute the other. The drive against the Reds has led certain groups to demand a round-up of aliens.

After the Committee had reported it to the floor, the Senate ordered the Blease bill reported back to the Committee for further hearings. Opposition which had developed from outside groups, it is understood, prompted the Senate to take this rather unusual procedure. Its supporters in and out of administration circles claim that the Blease bill is designed to help the aliens. Employers during the current period of economic depression, it is said, have thrown aliens out of work, or have denied them employment, because they were unnaturalized, and because they could offer no papers from the federal authorities to show that they are not undesirable citizens and are lawfully here.

On July 1, 1928, the Department of Labor began to issue certificates to incoming aliens. These, in effect, were certificates of "respectability," equivalent to a card which a man receives from a fraternal organization as evidence that he is a member in good standing. The many millions of aliens in the United States prior to 1928 have in their possession no such certificates. What they seek according to spokesmen for the Blease bill, is permission to obtain from the government a certificate of respectability equivalent to that which every newcomer now receives. The bill merely provides that an alien who has been lawfully admitted to the United States for permanent residence, and who has continued to reside here, shall, upon his voluntary application to the commissioner-general of immigration, be furnished with a certificate made from the official record of such admission. The immigrant is to pay $3.00 for his certificate, which will carry a photograph and the following information: full name under which admitted; country of birth; date of birth; nationality; color of eyes; port at which admitted; name of steamship, if

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

any, and date of admission. No alien, it may be noted, is compelled to apply for the certificate, and those who do not apply face no penalties under the law. Obviously, however, if the bill should become law, a certain degree of suspicion would be directed against non-holders of the certificate. Failure to apply would be regarded as evidence that the alien in question had something in his record which he wished to conceal. Senator Blease declares:

> I do not see how any honest man could object to my bill. Its aim is to protect the alien who wants the protection of the United States government, and I believe it will be helpful to aliens generally. It is, of course, not a compulsory registration bill.

Several other bills of interest have been introduced in Congress during the present session, though none have as yet been given a hearing. Representative Cable of Ohio has sponsored two of these. They provide for the annual registration and enrolment of aliens. The enrolment, or registration, however, is to be voluntary, and by registering annually with the commissioner of naturalization, the alien receives certain minor benefits, such as the right to petition for citizenship without any previous declaration of intention. Representative Aswell of Louisiana sponsored another registration bill, a bit more drastic. This measure calls for compulsory registration, annually, and the President would have the authority, in time of emergency, to require all aliens registered to report to the federal authorities at such times and places as he might direct. Certain penalties are prescribed for failure to comply with the registration and other provisions of the bill. Failure to register for two consecutive years would render the offender liable to deportation.

So far, the comparatively innocuous Blease bill has occupied the centre of attention. The hearing on this bill before the Senate Committee clearly defined the issue between the two groups. Spokesmen for the bill, including W. W. Husband, Assistant Secretary of Labor, cited the benefits which voluntary registration would confer upon aliens, by giving them a document to show that they are under the protection of this government. The alien groups themselves, it is contended, are solidly behind the plan, in order that they may get a protection which hitherto has been denied them, except those who have entered the country since 1928, and who therefore have a certificate issued after they had passed the immigration officers.

What the opposing groups object to, however, is not the Blease bill itself, but the fact that it may well prove a forerunner of a compulsory registration bill that will compel every alien to report once a year, or oftener, and which will lead to another bureaucracy of espionage and counter-espionage. Mandatory registration would create, it is argued, a new army of lawbreakers, for this law, like the national prohibition act, could never be made 100 percent effective, and if any attempts at all were made to enforce it, the organization of another army of enforcing officers would be necessary. The great mass of aliens are law-abiding citizens, and no espionage or annual muster is necessary to keep them so, opponents of registration say. If there are dangerous aliens in the United States, they can be dealt with in some other way than by an annual round-up. The following statement by Senator David I. Walsh, of Massachusetts, ably summarizes this point of view:

> Ostensibly it might appear that an alien registration law would minimize illegal alien smuggling. Of course this would be commendable. But a careful analysis of the ultimate result reveals the grave danger of such a movement. To counterbalance any possible benefit that might accrue we must remind ourselves that such a law would set up a gigantic system of espionage that would not only subject the alien to intimidation but create another form of blackmail and extortion. Its purpose cannot be to encourage citizenship and assimilation, because the very first thing this law would do would be to single out the alien and increase prejudice against him.
>
> The real danger, however, lies in the fact that it is the first step in the direction of national registration, because how can anyone determine, especially in a cosmopolitan country such as ours, whether or not a given individual is or is not an alien? It is obvious that in order properly to enforce such a law everyone will have to carry with him a passport containing his photograph and showing that he has a right to live in this country.
>
> While my sentiments are strongly against illegal alien smuggling, I cannot vote for a proposal that will bring to us a system employed formerly by the Prussian and the Russian autocracies. Underneath the surface of this law I see another attempt to place our personal liberties under federal supervision.

John B. Trevor, Read Lewis, Nathan D. Perlman, and Amos Pinchot, were some of the men who appeared before the Committee as representatives of various organizations opposed to registration.

Discussion of the Blease bill has thus brought to the fore the issue of compulsory registration of aliens to which the Republican party committed itself in 1920. Both groups seem to realize that this is the real question involved. If the Blease bill becomes law, its opponents argue, it will be easier later to place on the statute books a compulsory enrolment law. If it fails of enactment, on the other hand, the day of compulsory registration will be indefinitely postponed.

Green Crocus Spears

Green crocus spears,
With your keen little shining blades you pierce
my grieving
Suddenly, like a high, sweet violin,
Among sombre horns and harps and mourning strings
Striking wonderfully in,
With power beyond believing.
O slender things
To bring the gift of tears!

CHARLES BALLARD.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CONDITIONS OF MINORITY

By HILAIRE BELLOC

THE conditions affecting a religious minority are of the highest importance to Catholics in the English-speaking countries outside Ireland, and of especial importance in Britain and the United States.

After the practice and maintenance of the Faith within our own body by personal endeavor, an understanding of these conditions is, indeed, the most important thing we have to attempt. Even an understanding of them though it be fairly just, may not solve our problems; but certainly without an understanding we should never approach a solution.

I must begin by saying that anything written here is purely personal opinion, and I might even call it personal "grouping." The matter has been considered in all its aspects by wiser men than I, and men of far greater experience. I only give my ideas for what they are worth.

It seems to me that the first thing we have to recognize is that since religion is at the basis of all corporate conduct and of the whole state of mind in a society, a religious minority is and must be separate and in the real sense of the word alien.

I do not use the word "minority" in a merely mathematical sense. The actual numbers of the practising and confessed adherents of a particular system of thought may be a numerical minority, and even a small numerical minority, and yet mold the tone of the community. I use the word "minority" in a wider and more practical sense, I mean a body which is, as well as less numerous, less wealthy than, less in control than, and professing ideas opposed at many essential points to the rest of the community.

Again, when I use the word "religion" I do not mean, as many of our contemporaries mean by it, a private opinion on the great problems which most men outside the Catholic body have today given up as insoluble. I use the word "religion" to mean that philosophy which is explicitly or implicitly held by men in any particular society and necessarily informs the whole of their lives.

Well, then, I say, the first thing to recognize, not to run away from but on the contrary to underline and erect and keep continually before one is, that if you belong to a religious minority, in this sense of the words "religion" and "minority," you belong to something necessarily alien in the full sense of that term "alien." You may not be a foreigner by definition of international lawyers; but you are something of a stranger and something of an exile. And if you try to shirk the hardships which that involves, you will only get yourself into worse trouble, because you will lose your own self-respect, and that of others as well.

The next thing to recognize and it is much harder because it involves a considerable exercise of the imagination is that the majority which regards us as alien has three good qualities attached to it; it is sincere, it has the average of human intelligence, it lives in its own home.

I have called these qualities "good," and so they are, although their effects are not good when they are directed against a good philosophy. To be sincere in your dislike of a thing which is really good will have evil results, but your sincerity is a good thing. To be intelligent is good, though its goodness in effect depends on instruction (of which more in a moment).

To live in one's own home and breathe one's own air is eminently good, making for repose, and balance, and sanity; but if that air is tainted, much of the effect of living comfortably in it is evil. My point is that one must not judge this surrounding hostile world, uncharitably in the real and awful sense of the word "charity," which does not mean a silly feeling of general kindness, but justice in action.

The next thing which we must note in the conditions of a religious minority is that the points of friction between itself and the majority will be accidental. By this I mean, they will not be concerned openly upon the roots of the difference. In our fathers' time it was different, and I think much better. A sincere freethinker argued the fundamentals of belief, with a Catholic. So did the highest of High Anglicans. A small number of highly cultured people still continue the habit, but the mass of men nowadays has ceased to think thus clearly, and the points of friction which are always a focus of irritation, and may be the starting point of a consuming fire, come from the conflict, not of expressed doctrines or philosophies, but of their more or less remote consequence in conduct.

The minority, alien in philosophy, is hated when individuals among it act either in opposition to or with insufficient respect toward habits around them. The chief examples of that today will be found in the conflict between the Catholic habit of mind and certain social codes; still more in the conflict between the Catholic habit of mind and nationalism.

Nothing can make the Catholic think the ideal of a gentleman more important than the ideal of a saint. Therefore in practice, even when both men are least thinking of first principles on the subject, the Catholic may violently offend the social code (or religion) of the non-Catholic.

Nothing could make the Catholic regard duty to his nation as superior to his duty to God. Hence conflict on the ground of nationalism.

The last point is, in my view (please murmur "For what it is worth") the point of instruction. It is our business to make known to the majority what really is this minority to which we belong. I don't say this makes for peace, for I don't think it does—or at any rate, not for peace without previous combat. But I do say that the postponing of it is like the postponing of a debt. Jones, of the majority, after years of friendship with Smith is badly put out by something that Smith does as a member of the minority. The irritation is accidental and mechanical. It is like the irritation we feel on barking our shins in the dark. When Jones knows why Smith acted, and what Smith's ultimate philosophy is, his instruction will have one or two effects; either he will begin to veer toward Smith's point of view, or he will react from it intensely.

In the first case the occasions of future quarrels will be less. In the second, more and very intense. And examples of the second case will usually be more numerous than examples of the first.

Nevertheless, instruction must be undertaken. The minority must make itself known. If it does not, it is piling up debt as usury against itself; or, to change the metaphor, it is damming up the water higher and higher, so that the burst when it comes will be the more violent.

Now in connection with this point of instruction there is one corollary which always haunts my mind, and I would like to end with it.

The duty of instruction involves the duty of denying agreement when agreement does not exist. It involves the duty of repudiating allegiance to ideals which are not ours, and above all the attempt to reconcile irreconcilable things. The principle is clear; to illustrate it would lead me far, and I perhaps ought to be grateful that I have now no further space in which to pursue it. But I beg you to meditate upon it.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COMMUNICATIONS

MARYLAND OBSERVANCE

Albany, N. Y.

MY dear Mr. Williams:—It is a fine thing that The Calvert Associates are to hold this meeting in memory of the establishment of the principle of religious liberty in America.

As the years go on Lord Baltimore and Thomas Jefferson will stand out more and more as the protagonists of a cardinal truth which is one of the corner-stones of the republic.

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT.

New York, N. Y.

MY dear Mr. Williams:—One of the precious and outstanding events in the history of our American social and political order is the declaration and policy of religious liberty which accompanied the settlement of the state of Maryland. Coming at a time when ecclesiastical controversies were numerous and extremely bitter, this declaration and this policy are doubly memorable. Happily, and following Thomas Jefferson's influence and action in the neighboring state of Virginia, the declaration of religious liberty as a fundamental principle of our country's life was placed in the very forefront of the Bill of Rights, which is the corner-stone of our whole national structure.

Unhappily, however, while this principle, so fundamental and so beneficent, is securely embedded in our public law, it is anything but universally dominant in the minds and conduct of large numbers of our people. Many persons, shockingly numerous, still cherish and express the bitterness, the lack of knowledge and the un-Christian lack of charity which are from time to time so marked in individual and group conduct among us. Those of us who profoundly believe in the fundamental principles of American liberty and life must not only ourselves exhibit that faith in our own speech and conduct, but we must untiringly preach that faith to our fellow citizens.

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER.

Cannes, France.

MY dear Mr. Williams:—If I were in New York I should feel it a privilege to share in the celebration of the founding of Maryland.

There can be no higher civic duty than the maintenance of religious liberty, and America is fortunate in having an organization whose purpose it is to keep it alive.

EDWARD M. HOUSE.

RUSSIAN ORTHODOXY

Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—In a Moscow despatch sent to the London, Ontario, Free Press, and dated February 17, members of the Holy Synod of Metropolitan Serge (patriarchal locum tenens of the Russian Orthodox Church) are reported to have said:

"The Pope considers himself the Vicar of Christ, but Christ suffered for the oppressed and down-trodden, whereas the Pope in his declaration proved himself to be in the same camp with the English landowners and the Franco-Italian money-bags. For a long time the Pope has had dreams of Catholicizing our Church, which, being firm in its attitude toward Catholicism as a false teaching, could never connect itself in any manner with Rome. Within a few days we shall issue a special appeal to believers in which we shall discuss these new attempts of the Pope to spread Catholicism among Orthodox Christians in such an indefensible manner."

Members of the Patriarchal Holy Synod also rebuked the archbishop of Canterbury for his statement about the Russian government's alleged persecution of religion. They said it was strange and suspicious that there should be a series of similar attacks on Russia from the heads of churches in Italy, England, France and Germany at the same time. (London Free Press, February 18, 1930.)

That this attitude toward the West is in accordance with the intentions of Patriarch Tykhon, who died in Moscow in 1925, may be proved from the last testament of the Patriarch. It was dated from Donskoi monastery on April 7, 1925, and handed by the Patriarch's successor, Metropolitan Peter Krutitsky, to the newspaper Izvestia for publication therein. In it, after making a lively attack on Catholics, the last Patriarch of Moscow counseled all Russian Orthodox Christians to submit themselves respectfully to the Soviet government. He discussed emigrant Russian bishops' mistakes at length, officially annulled all their acts, and summoned them to appear before a tribunal to be set up by a council of Orthodox Russians. Some time previously Patriarch Tykhon had rebuked Metropolitan Anthony Krapovitsky for his monarchist politics. This ex-Metropolitan of Kieff was not only the most popular candidate for the patriarchal chair at the time Tykhon was chosen by the blind monk, but had openly supported the claim of the Grand Duke Nicholas Nicholaievitch to the throne of autocrat of all the Russias. Metropolitan Anthony's politics have caused trouble for Russians in the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics, in Yugoslavia, and in Carpatho-Russia.

It must be borne in mind that two of the petitions of the opening litany of the Byzantine liturgy read as follows: "In peace let us pray to the Lord. . . . For our most pious rulers, protected of God, for their court and army, let us pray to the Lord. . . . That He may aid them in battle and subdue under their feet every foe and adversary, let us pray to the Lord. . . ." Shall the deacons and laity of Soviet Russia pray thus for the de facto government of their country? Shall we condemn them for so recognizing "Caesar"? The Russian Catholic Exarch Leonid Theodoroff, who is now in Solovetsky prison, spoke as follows on March 24, 1923, at the trial in Moscow of Archbishop Cieplak to his Bolshevist judge:

"My whole life has been based on two principles: love of the Roman Church to which I am united, and love of my country, which I adore. If I do not care whether I am sentenced to ten years' imprisonment or to be shot, it is not because I am a fanatic. Sometimes the innocent must be executed in order that the guilty may not escape. Since I joined the Catholic Church, my sole object has been to reconcile my country with that Church, which I believe to be the one true Church. Under the old (czarist) government I was imprisoned in Tobolsk for two and a half years. . . . If we believe what is said in the holy Scriptures that all power comes from God, then as a Catholic priest I must admit that this your power also comes from God and perhaps it is sent us as a punishment for our sins. . . . Authority is one thing and atheistic propaganda quite another. I have always fought against atheism and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

proved its impotence. I have often spoken at meetings in Petrograd where politics were excluded, and no one present could be found to accuse me of having even touched on politics in my speeches."

Was not Joseph de Maistre almost prophetic when he wrote over one hundred years ago: "The serfs, in proportion as they receive their liberty, will find themselves placed between teachers more than dubious and priests without power or consideration. Thus exposed, without preparation, they will pass rapidly and infallibly from superstition to atheism, from passive obedience to unbridled activity. Liberty will have on all these temperaments the effect which a strong wine has on a man unaccustomed to it. The sight alone of this liberty will intoxicate those who have not yet taken part in it. If with this general disposition of he popular mind here should appear some university Pugachev—for such a one can easily be formed in Russia, where all the necessary conditions exist [Lenin?]—then, according to all the rules of probability, the state will be literally broken asunder." (Quatre Chapitres Inedits sur la Russie, page 26.)

Even the Russian Orthodox John Aksakov could foretell the fall of the Russian erastianism: "A church that forms a department of the state, of a kingdom of this world, and wishes to be nothing more, has been false to its mission, and must share the fate of all kingdoms of this world. It has ceased to have in itself any reason for existence and condemns itself to weakness and death. The Russian conscience is not free in Russia, and religious thought is stagnant. The abomination of desolation reigns in holy places. Speech, the weapon of the mind, is put down by the material force of the state. Around the Church we see, not angels of God, guarding its portals, but gendarmes and police inspectors, upholding Orthodoxy and directing our consciences. . . . The health-giving breath of the spirit of truth, the spirit of charity, the spirit of freedom, and the spirit of life is lacking in the Russian Church."

Have conditions changed much in Russia since 1889?

D. Bede Gray, Obl., O.S.B.

SAINT THOMAS AND TEMPERANCE

Chicago, Ill.

TO the Editor:—I had been seriously considering making the acquaintance of Saint Thomas Aquinas. It seemed to me it would be a very interesting quest to peer at Aristotle and Plato through his lenses and to venture into the field of his Catholic philosophy. But my respect and confidence have been rudely jolted upon reading the quotation from Summa Theologica given by Dom Bede Gray in The Commonweal of March 12. I am now convinced this good and saintly teacher had his limitations, to say the least. On the subject of women he appears to have had no first-hand information. I am wondering whether Dom Gray has not given us this quotation with rather more than a hint of mischievous delight. It is stark masculine egotism.

"Sobriety is most requisite in the young and in women because . . . while in women there is not sufficient strength of mind to resist consupiscence."

Sobriety is most requisite in women and children! Were Saint Thomas one of our influential solons of today we might have a prohibition law just for women and children. Strength of mind to resist temptation, indeed! I can hear our grandmothers sniffing for centuries back! Who should know better than they the need of stiffening resolution to tread monotonous daily walks of duty while lordly grandfathers dallied now and again along primrose paths with convivial boon companions or lovely ladies who stooped to folly with calculated wiles? Saint Thomas had his limitations. Might it not be that the women of his day had need of the "wisdom of the serpent" so that the lords of creation might not discover their ladies were but the mirrors which gave them back the image they desired to behold—the weak and clinging vine encircling the sturdy oak?

Mary Foote Coughlin.

NEGRO EDUCATION

Charlottesville, Va.

TO the Editor:—In spite of the criticism of the reference list of Negro schools published by the Slater Fund I read with much satisfaction and interest the article by Father Gillard in the issue of February 12. After reading the article I think the criticism is just. I can only say that in preparing the list the same process and means were followed in regard to Catholic schools as in the case of other schools. There could perhaps be no better proof of the need of the publication to which Father Gillard refers as soon to be issued.

Every effort will be made to remedy the unintentional wrong impression conveyed by the omission of Catholic schools which should have been included. I may say that a brief questionnaire was mailed to eighteen Catholic schools, and that replies were received from only five. My conclusion was that the others were not high schools. The reference list was not to include lower schools or any schools north of the Potomac.

In this connection perhaps I may be permitted to say that two small donations have been made to the Cardinal Gibbons Institute from the funds of which I have charge. The General Education Board has also made conditional offers and the Rosenwald Fund has contributed. I should also like to add that I recently visited Xavier University, in New Orleans, and was very greatly pleased with all I saw and heard there. The proposed expansion at the institution seems to me to deserve abundant support.

J. H. Dillard.
President of the Slater Fund and the Jeanes Fund.

Baltimore, Md.

TO the Editor:—Referring to Mr. John G. Agar's comment on my recent article, Negro Education, permit me to call Mr. Agar's attention to the fact that I stated: "Their charities [Mother Katharine's and Mrs. Morrel's] are the only worthwhile constructive efforts put forth by *individual* Catholics for the education of Negroes." Mr. Agar takes exception to the accuracy of the statement. He says: "Surely the group of men who are interested in the work of the Cardinal Gibbons Institute, at Ridge, Maryland, are putting forth constructive efforts in behalf of the Negroes."

Without detracting one scintilla of the credit due the devoted gentlemen who are interested in the extraordinary work of the Cardinal Gibbons Institute, obviously a group is not an individual. The distinction was not an "inadvertence" on my part—it was quite intentional. There are numerous Catholic groups putting forth constructive efforts in behalf of the Negroes, but there is only one Mother Katharine and one Mrs. Morrel. It is, therefore, "quite accurate to say absolutely: 'Their charities are the only worthwhile constructive efforts put forth by individual Catholics for the education of the Negroes.' "

Rev. John T. Gillard, S.S.J.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE PLAY AND SCREEN

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

The Screen Captures John McCormack

FOR many reasons, the capture of John McCormack's voice and personality by the screen stands forth as one of the singularly important events of the season. Rumor has it that Mr. McCormack, when sailing for Europe a few days ago, remarked to a friend, "For the first time I am sailing and yet leaving myself behind." Whether the rumor is true or not matters little. The point is that in William Fox's production of Song o' My Heart—a romance by Tom Barry—the talking screen has caught with rare perfection and grace not only the lovely and sympathetic voice but also the simple and ingratiating personality of the most popular tenor of the day. One is lifted very far out of the realm of mechanical reproduction and made to feel the actual presence of Mr. McCormack.

I confess to some advance trepidation concerning this particular film. The screen has not been notorious for emphasizing simplicity and charm. It has sought rather to be gorgeous and sensational, occasionally to good effect, but more often to the acute distress of those who still like good taste mixed with their entertainment. It did seem quite possible, even probable, that exaggerated sentimentality, obvious Irish comedy and too much trumped-up action would mar the very qualities which have endeared McCormack to hundreds of thousands of people. But all such fears proved groundless. The screen play chosen is sentimental—no getting away from that—but in the perfectly legitimate sense, and so well modulated, so artistically restrained at all times, that it comes to you fresh and strong and beguiles you at once with its mood.

Much of this is due to Tom Barry's excellent writing. It was not an easy task he faced—to contrive a story which would not be an operetta and yet would give Mr. McCormack many logical chances to sing without interrupting the flow of the narrative. He solved the problem by taking as his hero a singer who had once scored many successes in opera, in Milan and elsewhere, but who had retired early to the quiet of the Irish countryside where with an old friend, a pianist, he was accustomed to pass many hours of the day singing away the frustration of an old love. That old love, Mary, comes back to the village, deserted by the husband she was forced to marry, and left with a daughter of eighteen and an energetic and loyal little boy of twelve. This, you might imagine, would set the stage for one of those inevitable movie romances in which the husband conveniently dies and Sean, the hero, finds ultimate happiness. But Mr. Barry has avoided this second pitfall. Sean is offered an American concert tour and believes it better to go. In his absence, Mary dies. He returns to look after her children, and in time to bring about the marriage of Mary's daughter against the intrigues of a severe and uncompromising maiden aunt. There are many moments when the story pulls at the heart, but the saddest moments of all are left entirely to the imagination, and the story is permitted to work out its own simple lines unspoiled by any parade of grief, and in that mood of quiet heroism and resignation which needs no forced comment.

Another factor in the unusual quality of this picture is the direction of Frank Borzage. He has always known how to use restraint in the management of his actors, and in this instance, with the single exception of the dragon maiden aunt, he has achieved a masterly unity of feeling. The aunt is too much of a type character, unbelievably stiff and cruel, but all the other characters work together in splendid ensemble to the end

B. ALTMAN & CO.

FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

GENTLEMEN'S OUTFITTERS

Shirts and Shorts

The Underwear That Gentlemen Prefer at This Time of Year

Weather in and about New York is certainly changeable—one must not get overheated and must have sufficient protection to avoid chill.

KNIT SHIRTS AND FABRIC SHORTS ARE THE ANSWER

Shirts of lisle, cotton, silk, $1 to $5
Shorts, smartly cut, of madras or silk . . . . . $1 to $9

MEN'S UNDERWEAR FIRST FLOOR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of re-creating the atmospher of an Irish village near Dublin with singular clarity and grace. It is the words left unspoken, the emotions barely hinted at and the light humor never unduly prolonged which reflect the combined talent of author and director and hold sentiment within bounds where it has real strength and beauty.

Purposely leaving Mr. McCormack to the last, a few words should be said for the almost perfect cast of Song o' My Heart. Mary is played by Alice Joyce, whose frail womanly beauty has never shone forth more eloquently. Her daughter, Eileen, is played by a newcomer—a girl found in Ireland, I believe—named Maureen O'Sullivan. Under Mr. Borzage's careful direction, she turns out to be one of the loveliest and most poignant screen characters of many a day. Mary's pugnacious boy, Tad, brings us another new face in little Tommy Clifford, whose victory over the audience is prompt and overwhelming! J. M. Kerrigan as Peter, an Irish coachman, and Farrell Macdonald as Rafferty, the butt of Peter's constant repartee, make a restrained comedy team of the first water. Peter's ambitions to be recognized as a singer at least equal to Sean are made doubly pointed by the fact that Mr. Kerrigan has a light voice of no small charm.

As to Mr. McCormack, the conspiracy of playwright and director to keep him his natural self has worked admirably. His patent simplicity proves a great asset, and, with no obvious attempt at acting, he manages to make the personality of Sean dominate every scene, even when the magic of his voice is not called into play. But that voice is, of course, the culminating feature of the film, and this is where the improved recording methods can justly claim a triumph. Whether in the rapid patter of Kitty, My Love, or in the allurement of The Rose of Tralee, or in the passionate call of Ireland, Mother Ireland, it would be hard to imagine a more complete illusion of reality than the screen produces. The softest shadings as well as the robust and ringing notes of McCormack's voice come through the ordeal of mechanical recording unimpaired. He sings, in all, eleven songs, making up a rare musical treat. The film is a triumph of simplicity and expert workmanship. (At the Forty-fourth Street Theatre.)

A Month in the Country

IN PRESENTING this play by Turgenev, the Theatre Guild is giving American audiences their first experience of this classic Russian dramatist in English. In fact, only one other play of his, a one-act curtain raiser called The Lady from the Provinces, has ever seen the New York stage, and that was in Russian during the first visit here of the Moscow Art Theatre.

Turgenev belongs to that general period of Russian literature distinguished by Tolstoy, Gogol and Dostoievsky. He was born shortly after the close of the Napoleonic era and lived until 1883. He was one of the first to introduce into Russian playwriting the "natural" style later adopted, or carried on as a tradition, by Chekov and others. He is, in this sense, the originator of a school. In his general method of displaying character, he is not unlike the modern Spanish school typified by the Quintero brothers. That is, he works along very simple lines, never forcing action, and permitting characters to display themselves through mental or emotional conflict with others rather than by the pulling of the dramatist's strings from without. He is, however, inclined to probe more deeply into the recesses of the mind than his Spanish counterparts of today. He takes rather more complex emotions for his theme, and without using any of the patented jargon of modern psychologists, anticipates frequently many of the problems to which they have given particular attention.

A Month in the Country gives briefly and simply the leading events on a large Russian estate during the visit of a young man named Rakitin. Rakitin is deeply, though honorably, in love with the wife of his host, one Islaev. Natalia reciprocates his love. Their feeling for one another takes itself out entirely in a quiet companionship and understanding during the long hours when Islaev, simple and honest-minded, is absorbed in the management of his estate. But Natalia has engaged a young tutor, Aleksei, for her son, and this Aleksei bit by bit captures her interest—first by his shyness, then by his youth and strength. Further to complicate matters, Natalia's seventeen-year-old ward, Viera, also falls in love with Aleksei. You have then a many-cornered emotional tug of war, with the restless and unstable Natalia at the bottom of all the difficulties. She is one of those types never quite ready to relinquish her hold upon anyone, no matter what the cost in misery to the captive. She wants the tranquillity of the life with her husband, the platonic attachment of Rakitin, the devotion of Aleksei, the confidence of Viera. The substance of the play is the manner in which she tries to keep each of them but succeeds only in losing all of them except her docile and patient husband. Rakitin sees the futility of the situation and decides to leave. Aleksei, flattered by the obvious attentions of a great lady, finds his own emotions involved and also decides that his only course is to leave. Viera, whose budding romance with Aleksei has been blasted by Natalia's unscrupulous intrigues, decides in desperation to marry a ridiculous old man who has asked for her hand. Soon the house will be quite empty. Natalia has reaped the harvest of her egotism.

On this well-drawn portrait of a neurotic woman, the Theatre Guild has lavished an excellent production. Special settings have been used, reproducing the original designs of Dobuzinsky for the Moscow Art Theatre. They are singularly effective in the realistic atmosphere they convey of the hot silence of the great Russian estate. Rouben Mamoulian has done the directing, and shows many signs of an increasing sureness in the management of tense but quiet scenes, punctuated subtly by gestures and movement which give an almost orchestral rhythm.

The casting, too, has many excellent points. The play is the occasion for the first appearance with the Guild of Alla Nazimova. She plays Natalia to the hilt, with excellent restraint and much quiet grace, as if in outward contrast to the inner turmoil. Elliot Cabot as Rakitin gives one of the best-modulated and best-poised performances of his career. Alexander Kirkland as the tutor makes good on all the fine promise of his work in Wings Over Europe. Dudley Digges as an intriguing country doctor and Henry Travers as the aged suitor supply delicious comedy, and Eunice Stoddard is a poignant figure as the little niece. (At the Guild Theatre.)

Plan for a Novel

Cut out the deep design of life,
Leave but the fancy edges,
The filigrees and minarets,
Gargoyles and spires,
High, narrow ledges,
And tendrils flung so far from solid centre
The ends attenuate to next to nothing,
And let the bulk seem pendulous
Through mists in a still dawn,
A miracle, afloat in the infinite.

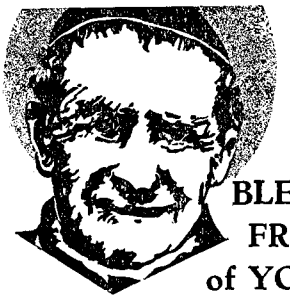
FREDERIC THOMPSON.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MACMILLAN Announces Two New Volumes in

The CALVERT SERIES

Catholic Book Club Selections



The BLESSED FRIEND of YOUTH

BLESSED JOHN BOSCO

By Father Neil Boyton, S.J.

Ex-Governor Alfred E. Smith writes the foreword to this biography of the great friend and educator of youth, the Founder of the Salesians, who interested himself in the lives of hundreds of boys in Italy for their physical and spiritual betterment. It is a story for every priest, boys worker, father and mother, and teacher—as well as being a book boys themselves will enjoy. $2.00

Two Splendid Novels

CATHERINE de GARDEVILLE

By Bertha Radford Sutton

A brilliant new novel whose scene shifts from the England of large estates, gay house-parties, and hunting, to Paris and the tiny villages in the Pyrenees, It is a story, told with tremendous force and vividness, of a young girl's struggle against her mother's obstinate hatred of Catholicism. $2.00

A KING of SHADOWS

By Margaret Yeo

An historical romance of the time of the Old Stuart Pretender, James the Third of England. $2.00

The CATHOLIC CHURCH and ART *By* Ralph Adams Cram

Boston's leading architect writes a powerful essay which brings the Church face to face with the question: Has the Church lost her old place as the instigator, the patron, and the guardian of good art? $1.00

The CATHOLIC CHURCH and CURRENT LITERATURE

By George N. Shuster

The absence of "notable Catholic influence" in contemporary literature constitutes a problem that must be faced. And what are the reasons for it? Mr. Shuster's survey of this situation is thought-provoking and enlightening. $1.00

Other Titles

The CATHOLIC CHURCH and the HOME *By* Rev. James M. Gillis, C.S.P.

The CATHOLIC CHURCH and HISTORY *By* Hilaire Belloc

The CATHOLIC CHURCH and the BIBLE *By* Rev. Hugh Pope

The CATHOLIC CHURCH and CONVERSION *By* G. K. Chesterton

The CATHOLIC CHURCH and PHILOSOPHY *By Fr. Vincent McNabb,* O.P.

The CATHOLIC CHURCH and the APPEAL TO REASON *By* Leo Ward

The CATHOLIC CHURCH and CONFESSION *By* Rev. Herbert Thurston, S.J., and Rev. Leonard Geddes, S.J.

The CATHOLIC CHURCH and the CITIZEN *By* Rev. John A. Ryan

The CATHOLIC CHURCH and HEALING *By* James J. Walsh, M.D.

The TREASURY of the FAITH

A Series of Exceptional Books on Catholicism For the Layman and Inquirer

Write to us for the titles in this series which covers the whole field of dogmatic teaching in the Catholic Church. Each volume bound in cloth, 16mo size, only $0.75. "Think of getting a book thus written, thus published, thus modern, thus important, for seventy-five cents!"—Rev. John Cavanaugh, C.S.C., Notre Dame.

GREAT AMERICAN FOUNDRESSES

By Joseph B. Code

Pen pictures that reveal the spirit of each foundress of sixteen American sisterhoods. Not a mere collection of names and dates and isolated facts but an intimate revelation of the inner workings of truly great souls. A book that will be useful to priests and nuns alike as a source of information. $5.00

THE MANY MANSION SERIES

Edited by Algar Thorold

The Jesuits

A small and readable volume that gives the history of the Jesuits and their Founder, Ignatius Loyola. $0.80

The Dominicans

By John-Baptist Reeves

A history of the Order of St. Dominic, founded in the thirteenth century, which is still consistently faithful to it original plan and purpose. $0.80

The Benedictines

By David Knowles

The message of Saint Benedict is a message that has been responsible for a great religious organization, the history of which is given here. $0.80

The Small Missal

Beautifully printed on fine opaque paper and bound in black cloth with a cross in gold impressed on its cover, it is a gift that is especially suitable for Easter. Cloth, $0.90. Full leather, $2.40.

HE HAS BECOME MY SONG

By Edith A. S. Robertson

The story of Christ in verse which, for scope and beauty of interpretation, is remarkable. $2.50

MAHATMA GANDHI'S IDEAS

By C. F. Andrews

India's living saint is here revealed as a man of profound and practical thought. $3.00

THE PHILOSOPHY of VALUE. *By* Leo Ward

This work is a sustained attempt to answer as conclusively as possible the general inquiry, What does it mean to act? Practically every important thinker of our times has expressed himself on human affairs and conduct and the views of many of these men are presented and subjected to critical appraisal by the author. It is the only book in English on its subject written from the Catholic and Thomistic standpoint. $2.25

The SPIRIT of CATHOLICISM

By Karl Adam

A book that has achieved immense popularity all over the country. $2.00

SURVIVALS and NEW ARRIVALS

By Hilaire Belloc

One of the greatest apologists of the Church here writes a defense of Catholicism that has rarely been equaled. $2.00

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY : 60 Fifth Avenue : NEW YORK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS

Another Ludwig Trifle

Lincoln, by Emil Ludwig; translated from the German by Eden and Cedar Paul. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $5.00.

IT WOULD take an adding machine to count the lives of Lincoln that have been given to the world. It would take an adding machine to count the books which Emil Ludwig has given to the world. Yet here is another life of Lincoln—a "full-length" life as its publishers announce—and it is written by Ludwig, to whose amazing industry a five-hundred-page biography is a bagatelle. We are already awaiting its successor, which is doubtless on the verge of appearing.

The book is intimate and anecdotal. It gives a picture of the man rather than of the maker of history. If much of its material is a thrice-told tale to Americans, we may reasonably infer that it is new to Germans, and that such as are curiously inclined may be interested in the lively and sympathetic narrative. A great deal is said about Lincoln's temperamental melancholy, which is always overemphasized by sentimentalists. The combination of a sad heart and a gay temper, which was his inheritance, invariably makes the most lovable of men. Lincoln's heart was sad because of his incurable honesty. He could no more cheat himself than he could cheat his neighbor. He saw life as it was, and he counted costs. His gaiety of temper meant an equally honest enjoyment of human society, of the give and take of political badinage, of a good story and a laugh. If much that he thought supremely comic now seems to us the dreariest of fooling, this is because the flavor of humor does not last. What we think funny, the coming generation will probably consider a blot on our mentality.

Much is made of the brief, sad story of Ann Rutledge, of Lincoln's mild flirtations with Sarah Rickard, his lukewarm courtship of Mary Owen, and his final capitulation to Mary Todd who had made up her mind to marry him. It is strange that a man so innately cautious and far-seeing should have let himself drift into matrimony which then had the quality of permanence; but life is full of misadventures. Lincoln possessed the kind of philosophy which makes the best of an indifferent bargain. He had also a minor, but very serviceable, talent for keeping aloof from annoyances.

With the broadening of Herr Ludwig's canvas, the volume grows in dignity. Lincoln's political integrity, his personal magnetism, his popularity, his hold on his party are well described. Better still are his election to the Presidency, his coming to the White House, and the first staggering weeks of the war. We see the pompous McClellan, the duty-driven Lee, the call to arms, the arrival of the New York troops, "the only reality among the myths," the sensitive neutrality of Baltimore, the boundless patience of the President which veiled the unbreakable determination of his soul. "I will hold McClellan's stirrups for him if he will only win us victory." However often these things have been told, however familiar with them we have come to be, they never lose their power to stir our hearts. History is the thriller of the world.

The book, written for the most part with restraint, has one serious lapse into unctuousness. The story of the youthful Lincoln watching the sale of slaves in New Orleans finds a place in every biography of the emancipator. But it is a plain story, deriving virtue from its simplicity. Its meretricious embellishment at Herr Ludwig's hands would be more pardonable in a novelist than in a historian. The quality of taste, which is the guardian of our minor morals, is essential to that by-path of history which is called biography. It has been overlooked of late in favor of scandalmongering. Even in the present instance the space devoted to Mrs. Lincoln's faults of temper is unduly generous. A more austere writer would have borne always in mind that the one thing of importance in the great President's life is that he "was permitted"—to use Emerson's phrase—to be of service to his country.

AGNES REPPLIER.

A Biting Falchion

Essays in Satire, by Ronald Knox. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $2.50.

FATHER KNOX'S good biting falchion is assuredly calculated to "make them skip." The sole criticism that can be made of it is that sometimes it is too good even for the happiness of the onlooker who is supposed to laugh at the skipping. For this is irony in the heroic tradition. This is the chastisement of wickedness, feebleness and folly by a master of form whose hatred of them is directly proportional to his own secure beliefs and unconfused perception of reality. To enjoy—I do not say to admire, but genuinely to revel in—the just and unpitying perfection of such a performance as the second essay in this volume, Reunion All Round, for example, requires a greater freedom from wickedness, feebleness and folly than most of us possess. You can no more roar with laughter at passages like the following, in support of "A Plea for the Inclufion with the *Church of England* of all *Mohametans, Jews, Buddhifts, Brahmins, Papifts and Atheifts,*" than you can roar with laughter at Swift's Modest Proposal:

"And here I do not refer to the *Unitarians;* for it is to be fear'd that if thefe Perfons have gone out of their way to feparate themfelves from the other Sects on the Ground of a Doctrine fo little taught in our Church, and fo little believ'd in, as that of the *Trinity,* they muft be a pettifogging, cantankerous fet of fellows, that prize their own Opinions too highly, to become Parties to our Policy of Reunion."

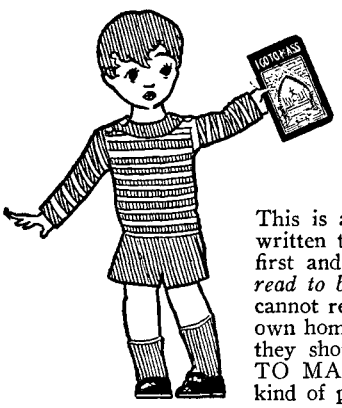
Its purpose is too deadly. You recognize, in the iron gravity and the antique spelling, the devices of humor, and in the incongruities laid bare, the materials of humor. But the intention passes far beyond the intention to amuse. Perhaps the great castigators of the eighteenth century, who worked from the same profound intellectual passion and the same intense and clarifying contempt, were read, in their day, with laughter in which there was no wryness or dread. If so, their public was either more robust in virtue, or more indurated to scorn, than we.

This is not to disallow either the motive or the high value of Father Knox's satire. Nor is it to say that he is always wielding the punishing lash. Though he believes that "humor without satire is, strictly speaking, a perversion, the misuse of a sense," he himself is delightfully guilty of such perversion in several of these papers. They begin as satire, but the fun *will* creep in. It is a question, for instance, whether readers sold on internal secretions will benefit much by the essay on the discovery of the religious gland—A New Cure for Religion; or whether Baconians will be properly chastened by the startlingly ingenious reasoning which proves that Queen Victoria wrote In Memoriam. They will, alas, be laughing too hard to take the deeper lesson in. As for The New Sin, which impartially takes a shy at the yellow press, the literary weeklies, the Broad Church canons, the High Church traditionalists, the letter-writers to the London Times (a really glorious bit

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books should to one of these four ends conduce:
—for wisdom, piety, delight or use.
—Denham.

Every book published by Benziger Brothers falls in one of these categories. Visit one of their stores—you will find a complete book department in each—or send for a catalogue.



I GO TO MASS

Mass and Communion Prayers for Young Children

By SISTER M. ALPHONSUS, O.S.U.
Mt. St. Ursula, Bedford Park, N. Y. C.

With Foreword by REV. WILLIAM R. KELLY
Author of "The Mass for Children," etc.

This is a Mass and Communion prayer book, *truly liturgical,* so written that little boys and girls of six or seven, who are in the first and second grades, can read and understand it. *It can be read to baby tots under six* and they will understand even if they cannot read, for the words they will hear are already part of their own home vocabulary. When children of six or seven go to Mass they should be trained immediately to follow the Mass. "I GO TO MASS" will help them to do this by giving them the right kind of prayers to say at Mass.

Each, retail, 21c. Net to Priests and Schools, each 17c.
25 copies, $4.15. 50 copies, $8.30. 100 copies, $16.60.

COME HOLY SPIRIT

Meditations, Novenas, and Prayers in Honor of the Holy Ghost together with Mass and Communion Devotions.

Compiled and Edited by
REV. F. X. LASANCE
Author of "My Prayer-Book," etc.

Father Lasance has brought together, in a remarkably brief and practical form, a series of instructions about the Holy Ghost, which cannot fail to awaken the interest of Catholics generally in the beautiful devotion to the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity.

No. 1001 g. Black Imitation Cloth, square corners, gold side and title.
Retail, $1.50; to Priests and Religious, Net, $1.20

LIGHT AND SHADOW IN RELIGIOUS LIFE

By REV. OTTO COHAUSZ, S.J.

Translated by
Rev. Lawrence P. Emery, M.A.

It is seldom that members of Religious Orders are able to find a book that so fits in with their daily lives as this one does, that so thoroughly analyzes their difficulties or offers such satisfying and consoling solutions. Every phase of that life is covered: the light, or joy is held aloft as a means of encouragement to greater endeavor; or the shadow, sorrow or failing, is shown in all its truth, and the means offered for its elimination. Here is a book that every Religious should have for his or her own personal use. In fact, every priest will find in it suitable helpful matter for reflection.

Net, $3.00. Postage, 15c.

LIVING WITH THE CHURCH

A Handbook of Instruction in the Liturgy of the Church Year

By
DOM OTTO HAERING, O.S.B.

Translated by
Dom Rembert Bularzik, O.S.B.,
St. John's Abbey, Collegeville, Minn.

This is one of the most practical books that has yet appeared for co-ordinating the life of the individual with the life of the Church. It will be found invaluable by all who read a missal, as forming a background for the feasts occurring. It gives their history, spirit and meaning, peculiarities of liturgical observance, excerpts with commentary, and finally an application of the lesson of the feast to our own lives.

List, $1.36. Discount to Schools, 25%.

BLESSED SACRAMENT BOOK

By REV. F. X. LASANCE

While the Blessed Sacrament Book is adapted to serve as a book of devotion for the faithful in general, it is designed especially for frequent communicants and above all for the members of the various Eucharistic associations. "It is an almost inexhaustible collection of prayers and devotions, done with indefatigable zeal, it includes the old as well as the new, and all 'in good measure, and pressed down and shaken together and running over.' There is no one who will not find here many of his old favorites, and who will not make new favorites."—Catholic World.

Size, 6⅛ x 4 x 1 1/16 ins. 1248 pages.
156-2003 Imitation leather....Retail, $2.75
156-2012 Imitation leather....Retail, 3.50
156-3015 American seal.....Retail, 4.50
20% Discount to Priests and Religious

OLD SAINT MARY'S NEW ASSISTANT

By REV. JOSEPH YOUNG

This is an ably told story of a zealous young priest from the time of his ordination to the end of his first year as a curate. It is full of his dealings with the parish "characters," his first convert, the preparation of his first sermon, and the omnipresent Tom Quilluby, a taxi-driver at large, who seems to have adopted the new curate, beng an old friend of the family. It is witty, full of humor, and entertainingly written.

Net, $2.00. Postage, 10c.

MANUAL OF THE HOLY EUCHARIST

Conferences on the Blessed Sacrament and Eucharistic Devotions. With Prayers for Mass, Holy Communion, the "Hour of Adoration," etc.

By REV. F. X. LASANCE

This most useful manual is particularly valuable to the members of the Eucharistic associations, the altar and tabernacle societies, etc. It contains learned, popular and beautiful conferences on the Blessed Sacrament, and a treatise on the Eucharistic movement in the Church. It is also of special importance as a guide to the correct method of making the Hour of Adoration, which is the soul of the whole devotion.

Size, 5½ x 3½ ins. 634 pages.
88-2003 Imitation leather.....Net, $1.00
88-3015 American seal.....Net, 2.10
Postage, 5 cents.

1792 **BENZIGER BROTHERS** 1930

New York, 36-38 Barclay Street
Cincinnati, 429 Main Street
Chicago, 205-207 W. Washington Street
San Francisco, 49 Fourth Street

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of foolery) and the general public, Father Knox extracts, in it, so much pleasure from all these categories and classes that it may well make them as happy about themselves as he obviously is about them.

The papers applying the higher criticism to Sherlock Holmes and Pilgrim's Progress are just as good; but it may be felt by some that when Mr. Belloc proved that The Path to Rome consists of three fragments by separate authors who lived hundreds of years apart, he did this sort of thing once and for all. As if to balance the sober introductory essay, Father Knox ends his book with a take-off on radio broadcasting which is an explosion of hilarity.

MARY KOLARS.

The Polish Mussolini

Pilsudski and Poland, by Rom Landau. New York: The Dial Press. $5.00.

IN SPITE of the lesson which the world war should have taught us, we Americans are still fatuous in our indifference to international affairs. We are not only not internationally-minded, but we are provincial and parochial. A canvass of one day's issue of a dozen of our influential daily papers shows us up badly in this regard. As a nation we seem to have taken Washington's admonition concerning "entangling alliances" as an instruction on how to shut our eyes to the whole world outside of our own boundaries. Even the world war did not serve to change this attitude of ours. It is a mistake and may again prove a costly attitude. It might yet save us dollars and lives, for instance, if we could understand what Napoleon meant when he said that Poland was the key to European peace. That saying is still true; but when we hear it, we do not comprehend it. Rather we ask blandly, if not impatiently, what does European peace mean to us?—forgetting that European peace today means world peace, and that nothing can better promote world peace than world-mindedness.

Mr. Landau's book, if read by a large number of thinking Americans, including editors of daily papers, would serve as an eye-opener to the peace-and-war situation in Europe, and to the key position held by Poland in that situation. In this story of the career of Josef Pilsudski, told in a fluent and highly interesting narrative and beautifully translated into English, we see not only the weaving of the threads of recent and contemporaneous history in eastern Europe, but the whole texture of a hundred years and more of European political life; a tapestry, as it were, taken down from an ancient wall and turned inside out for our special benefit.

When Napoleon said that Poland was the key to European peace, he meant just this: peace in Poland means peace in Europe; war in Poland means war in Europe. France, Germany, Russia, they are all vitally woven into the fabric of the Polish entity. Today, whether there be peace or war in Poland rests with one man, the hero of Mr. Landau's book. There can be no questioning the power and influence of Pilsudski. He is fully as important a figure in European, therefore in world, affairs as is Mussolini. He lacks Mussolini's genius for newspaper publicity, but that lack is a virtue. He surpasses Mussolini in his gift for leadership that leads rather than imposes, and subjects and perhaps inflames. In a period of transition and reorganization, with an entire people, 28,000,000 of them, thrown into the maelstrom of a sudden restoration to freedom and independence after more than a century of subjugation and division, Pilsudski has played his part by knowing the temper of his country to the utmost sensitive reaction. All of this Mr. Landau brings out, not so much by asseveration as by inference drawn from the record of Pilsudski's career.

It has been and is a strange career, full of the alarums and escapes of picturesque heroism, wary diplomacy, courage tested with fire, hope wrung out of despair. Reading this story, I have brought vividly to mind memories of my own meeting with Pilsudski, of my impressions of his personality. To me he was a more genial man than Landau's pages make him; but perhaps that was because I was an American—and Pilsudski admires and likes Americans. But back of his genial nature, as I saw it, was, no mistaking, a canny mind, a keen penetrating force, an imaginative power, that has made it possible for Pilsudski to live a high-pressure life focused whole and entire and unswerving on the single ideal of a free Poland. This is the man to whom that greatest of all patriotic statesmen produced by Europe in the world war, Paderewski, delivered a reunited Poland a decade ago. Paderewski, and Paderewski only, could save the Poland of 1918, and his saving of it insured the peace that Europe enjoys today. Time will tell whether or not Pilsudski's work of preserving Poland and European peace has been a lasting work. But no one, especially American readers in need of enlightenment on these matters of vital import, can read this book without profit.

CHARLES PHILLIPS.

A Life of Livingstone

Livingstone, by R. J. Campbell. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $3.00.

DR. R. J. CAMPBELL is by nature an orator, but an orator whose persistent and continuous study has made his sermons and writings of abiding interest. He is fortunate in that the present age has but little personal knowledge of the vast trials and miseries of a missionary and traveler during the period of 1840 to 1873—which in Africa was largely a roadless, railless time—hence they will read his life of Livingstone in much the same way as they do the journeys of eighteenth- and fifteenth-century travelers. During the two generations that have passed since the death of this exploring evangelist, many facts have come to light, not only concerning the London Missionary Society and its remarkable labors, but also of David Livingstone, such as his Locked Journal, and many scores of personal letters to friends who courteously allowed them to be read by his new biographer.

In one sense this book is remarkable for its omissions—such as in describing the meeting of Stanley and Livingstone where no mention is made of the historic remark of Stanley, "Dr. Livingstone, I presume." The author dismisses the meeting with the phrase, "All the world knows who the rescuer was." Again in dealing with the attack on Livingstone by a lion the author says, "The facts are too familiar to need recital here." The audience which Queen Victoria granted to the explorer is passed over with the comment that "On February 13 Livingstone was received in audience." In these three interesting points of Livingstone's career, Dr. Campbell appears to fail to grasp their dramatic value to the reader, and equally has failed to realize that few persons alive today can recall any of these outstanding events.

In answer to a question put to him by the London Missionary Society at the time of his application (1839) for election as a missionary, Livingstone wrote, "To make known the Gospel by preaching and improving so far as in his power the temporal condition of those among whom he labors, by introducing the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Service

It has always been our custom to advertise KENEDY PUBLICATIONS to the readers of The Commonweal.

However, we hope that it has not obscured the important fact that we are booksellers as well as publishers and we are ready to serve you with the Catholic books of all publishers. Whether you patronize our book store or order by mail, we are at your service.

The new Kenedy catalogue containing not only a list of KENEDY PUBLICATIONS but also a large list of Catholic books of all publishers has been very helpful to people who buy Catholic books or books about Catholicism.

You may have a copy if you are interested. No obligation to you, of course.

KENEDY PUBLICATIONS

Upon This Rock

by Rev. F. J. Mueller

In this lusty and provoking book Father Mueller presents the arguments for the true church of Christ. He gives this generation an uncompromising answer to "What can a man believe?" His logic is overwhelming and his style is fiery and positive. He has avoided the finical and fastidious method of apologetics to give us a vigorous, unabashed presentation of the Catholic claims. Father Mueller has a sting in every paragraph; yet in spite of its enthusiasm, no one can impute its fairness and the force of its logic. $2.00.

The Roman Missal

by Dom Fernand Cabrol, O.S.B.

Contains the Latin-English of the Mass for every day in the year. Clear type. Handy size. Easy to use. Explanatory preface. Prices $3.50, $4.00, $5.00, $6.00.

My Missal

by Dom Fernand Cabrol, O.S.B.

A new explanatory Missal for Sundays and the principal feasts of the year, in English. Handy in size and easy to use. Prices 50¢, 75¢, $2.00, $3.00.

The Mass of the Apostles

The Eucharist: Its Nature, History and Present Application

by Joseph Husslein, S.J., Ph.D.

"This is an important book," said the late Episcopal Bishop, Charles Lewis Slattery. It has been universally acclaimed on all sides as being a sane and scholarly exposition of the early Eucharistic practices. Among other things, the chapter on how St. Peter said Mass is one of the most interesting highlights of a very valuable book. Illustrated. $2.75.

Modern Prayer Books

Blessed Be God

A new complete, beautiful and officially correct book which recommends itself to all people. prices $2.50, $3.50, $5.00, and to $15.00.

Hail Holy Queen

A beautiful and attractive book designed and compiled especially for women and girls. It contains meditations, prayers and a Sunday Missal. Prices, $2.50, $3.50, $4.00, $5.00, $6.00.

The Man of God

A vest pocket prayer book for men and boys, with short concise prayers. Excellently printed. Prices $1.00, $1.25, $2.00, $3.00, $3.50.

When the Veil Is Rent

by Francis Clement Kelley

Bishop Kelley's allegory of life after death is gradually attaining wide-spread comment among all people who are interested in Catholic literature. Some day you will read it, why not now? "Every person with claims to culture will have read this book in a twelvemonth."—*Extension.* Illustrated, $2.00.

At All Catholic Book Stores

P. J. KENEDY & SONS

Publishers and Booksellers

44 Barclay Street **New York**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Timely Books on Atheism vs. Religion

THE BOLSHEVIK PERSECUTION OF CHRISTIANITY

by Captain Francis McCullagh. . .

Here is the one authoritative account of the Russian crusade against the churches. Captain McCullagh presents verbatim reports of the trials of the Roman priests together with the speeches of the Soviet lawyers setting forth Red Russia's arguments against religion. For *the facts* in the present crisis, get this book. $7.00

RED RUSSIA AFTER TEN YEARS

by George London. . .

This book *describes* Russia and leaves to others the task of praising or opposing it. Here is a panoramic picture of one hundred and thirty million Russians at work, in love, marriage, and divorce. Here is how they bathe, pray, drink, gamble, and cook their dinners. $2.00

A HISTORY OF THE JEWS

by Paul Goodman. . .

A simple, straightforward, unbiased history of the career and achievements of this remarkable race from its earliest days as an obscure Syrian tribe to the present re-establishment in Palestine. $1.00

Russian Economic Development Since the Revolution. . .

by Maurice Dobb

A non-partisan study of the most original economic experiment of our era, crammed with practical information and reliable statistics. $5.00

The Mystical Elements of Religion. . .

by Baron Fredrich Von Hugel

A study of the mysticism of St. Catherine of Genoa and her friends. 2 vols. $10.00

The Roadmender. . .

by Michael Fairless

The humble hero of this book that Ramsay McDonald praised has given an inspiring philosophy to thousands of readers. $1.50

The House of the Soul. . .

by Evelyn Underhill

A guide to the practice of religion by the famous author of "Practical Mysticism." $1.00

Sovietism. . .

by William E. Walling

The A. B. C. of Bolshevism according to the Bolshevists themselves. $2.00

E. P. DUTTON & CO., Inc.

300 Fourth Avenue New York

Order

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 300 Fourth Avenue, New York.
Please send me these books:

.....

Name.....

Address.....

Dept. CW 1

arts and sciences of civilization." This idea of the arts and sciences of European civilization being useful to the non-Christian races finds expression repeatedly in his writings and utterances, as in the opening chapter of the Missionary Travels wherein he gives utterance to the emphatic expression "that the promotion of commerce would do more than the missionary with his Bible under his arm." Again when pressing his kindred to emigrate he says that he believes that the cause of Christ will be better advanced by emigration than by missionaries.

Dr. Campbell, in commenting on this mental attitude, says that Livingstone was before his time in his belief in the psychological benefit of a good example. Yet it is curious to note that perhaps no country in the past hundred years has done more to support and encourage emigration than England, claiming that the passing of the younger sons to the colonies has done much to raise the business and moral tone.

Undoubtedly the influence of the moral codes of the West will inspire the Oriental and African and perhaps in time teach them that western civilization has a Christian basis; that better environment for human beings, that the development of the world's material resources, are but a means of providing an avenue for a readier acceptance of the loftier standards of conduct, and finer feelings of man toward man.

Throughout the volume, Livingstone appears as a dominating, if somewhat egotistical person, doing the right as he saw and understood it, believing that Africans could be raised morally and mentally, that the color bar was a mistaken idea.

BOYD-CARPENTER.

The Wrath of Eric Gill

Art Nonsense and Other Essays, by Eric Gill. London: Cassell and Francis Walterson. $2.50.

HERE is a bold voice of certainty raised in an age of chaos. And, it is refreshing to note, although these essays deal with divers subjects, they are linked together and rendered substantial by dogmatic definitions of absolute values.

Mr. Gill is concerned primarily with architecture and sculpture, and he does not hesitate to remind us that there is a system of Christian aesthetics, just as there are systems of Christian economics and Christian philosophy. He makes it quite clear that to possess criteria of artistic criticism, it is necessary first of all to consider that the physical form of things is determined by their nature and purpose.

Mr. Gill builds his artistic foundations upon firm rock—upon the Rock of Peter. Yet at no time, staunch though he is in the cause of truth, can he be accused of indulging in spiritual frivolities. Wholeheartedly he condemns what he is pleased to call the "ecclesiastical furniture shop," and that artistic attitude which produces, not beauty determined by nature and purpose, but a self-indulgent representation of what pleases the artist sentimentally.

To quote liberally, for a book of this nature is well worth quoting, what Mr. Gill says about ecclesiastical art is quite right. "Were it not for the fact that nine-tenths of the Catholics of modern England are factory hands, and live in suburbs," he says, "there is no doubt but that modern ecclesiastical art would drive them into atheism; it makes godliness out to be so awful. The man at the door of Westminster Cathedral said to me once, 'They'll never fill the Cathedral until they bring back Gounod.' I dare say he was wrong; but he voiced a popular view."

"Nevertheless," he goes on, a little later, "I must not be supposed to mean that I would prefer the comparative

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Rare
BOOKS
and
FINE
EDITIONS

HIMEBAUGH & BROWNE
4 East 46th Street
NEW YORK, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WALTER J. FAHY & CO.

Members New York Stock Exchange

44 PINE STREET
NEW YORK CITY

522 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

MAIN STREET
WESTHAMPTON BEACH, L. I.

Investment Suggestions on Request

SAFE DEPOSIT & TRUST COMPANY OF BALTIMORE

13 South Street
Baltimore, Md.

This Company has been acting for over 50 years in the management and settlement of estates and has acquired much valuable information and experience.

J. J. NELLIGAN,
President.

decency of High Church culture. The Catholic Church is not a cultured clique—that may, at any rate, be proudly boasted of her. Infinitely preferable to the Cowley Fathers' church at Oxford is any lowbrow slum Catholic church in Liverpool and, after all, the ecclesiastical furnishers, degraded though they are, are at any rate the lineal descendants of the preindustrial tradition; they are bad because they have got bad—badder and badder—not because they started bad, and so they still retain certain goodness of a negative sort; they aren't highbrow; they aren't 'artistic' in the South Kensington art school sense; but they're just cheap and vulgar and thoroughly sentimental and commercial."

From this it will be seen that Mr. Gill is not afraid to browbeat, where browbeating is needed. But it is good, sincere ranting, and much needed in this so-called "enlightened" age.

The essays vary in subject-matter, from The Revival of Handicraft, to Enormities of Modern Religious Art. They are all written with sincerity, scholarship, and they lead the reader unawares into deep waters.

C. J. Eustace.

A Genealogical Tangle

Brothers and Sisters, by I. Compton-Burnett. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

TO THE accepted forms of novel writing, one hastens to add the conversational, or all-talkie form. Difficult to make at any time, conversation presents especial disturbances if it is to be engineered through some two hundred and seventy pages, the length of this present novel. Rummaging among the annals of the outmoded, one recalls that Mr. John Erskine, some few years ago, remuneratively bored the nation with the monologues of a whitewashed Helen of Troy; while more currently, the hard-boiled characters of Mr. Ernest Hemingway staccato through one novel after another. The method is legitimate enough, I suppose, but untrustworthy.

For example, Brothers and Sisters, a book which embraces two generations of charming but insufficient young members of the English squirearchy, tends, in spite of its author's familiarity with his language, and the requirements of modern fiction, to make the gentle reader impatient at so much well-articulated parlor talk.

After the sketchy preamble of a few pages of direct narrative—which might be interpreted as a slight concession to tradition—we are plunged into conversation about a breakfast table. The characters there encountered discuss their way into our good graces, and thereafter for a cycle of uneventful fair-weather years, the talk goes amiably on, leaving one at the end drowsily appreciative of so many fine phrases, and puzzled as to what it is all about.

The story deals with a genealogical tangle. Five distinct pairs of brothers and sisters are circumstantially drawn together and form one discursive group. The individual members of these tandems amply complement each one the other, but radiate in spite of such satisfactory intimacies to intermatrimonial plans. The discovery of a generation-old illegitimacy thoroughly maladjusts two such projected unions, and furnishes the group with animated but pointless and protracted side talk.

Nothing of consequence ever happens. Two couples, not involved in the resurrected scandal, eventually marry, but with an air and effect of abstraction: one feels that among such inanimates any action would prove a cataclysm.

Leo Kennedy.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It is the Catholic's ready answer—accurate, clear, brief—to a thousand questions that come up in conversation with Catholics or non-Catholics, or in the course of one's reading.—Ave Maria.

The New
Catholic Dictionary

A COMPLETE WORK OF REFERENCE ON EVERY SUBJECT IN THE LIFE, BELIEF, TRADITION, RITES, CEREMONIES, SYMBOLISM, DEVOTIONS, HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, LAWS, CONSTITUTION, DIOCESES, MISSIONS, CENTERS, INSTITUTIONS, ORGANIZATIONS, STATISTICS OF THE CHURCH AND HER PART IN PROMOTING SCIENCE, ART, EDUCATION, SOCIAL WELFARE, MORALS AND CIVILIZATION

Compiled and Edited Under the Direction of

CONDE B. PALLEN, Ph.D., LL.D. JOHN J. WYNNE, S.J., S.T.D.

Assisted by

BLANCHE M. KELLY, Litt.D. CHARLES F. WEMYSS BROWN
ANDREW A. MACERLEAN, LL.B.
and 208 contributors, editorial readers and revisers

Under the Auspices of
THE EDITORS OF THE CATHOLIC ENCYCLOPEDIA

Splendidly comprehensive.—*America,* New York.

Examine a copy and you will trade half your library for it.—*Homiletic and Pastoral Review.*

It will be used diligently for the work of the Library of Congress.—*E. C. Richardson,* Library of Congress.

The definitions are concise and clear and usually pronunciation is indicated.—*New York Times.*

No better single volume to place in libraries, newspaper offices and other fountains of public opinion.—*Commonweal.*

Protestants will find here a rich store of valuable material.—*The Missionary Review of the World.*

Must be credited with exceptional impartiality and accuracy.—*Presbyterian Advance.*

1100 pages 8250 subjects 12 maps 646 text 64 half-tone illustrations

Evenly printed on high grade paper, clear white color, medium weight, easy to turn. Profusely illustrated with line photo engravings. 12 full-page maps in two colors. There are 4 handsome bindings of the best materials and workmanship.

The backbone of each volume is stamped in gold leaf with beautiful ornamental design and lettering. The cover is embossed with a representation of the facade of St. Peter's in Rome.

Green Cloth, extra quality, silk pattern **$10.00**
Library Buckram (blue) **12.50**
Half Leather, backbone and corners, blue buckram sides, gilt tops, marbled linings **15.00**
Full Cardinal Red Morocco, gold edges, marbled paper linings **25.00**

The
Universal Knowledge Foundation
19 Union Square West
New York

THE UNIVERSAL KNOWLEDGE FOUNDATION
19 Union Square W., New York, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of the dictionary as indicated by check mark:
☐ Full Cardinal Red Morocco...$25.00
☐ Half Leather binding..... 15.00
☐ Buckram binding (Blue).... 12.50
☐ Green Cloth binding..... 10.00

Free prospectus of *The New Catholic Dictionary* will be sent if you check here ☐

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State .....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bancel La Farge
on
Sacred Painting

At the Pius X School of Liturgical Music Mr. Bancel La Farge will be the concluding speaker in the series of lectures on Sacred Art.

The work of Mr. La. Farge—fine examples of which can be found in the murals of the Church of the Blessed Sacrament, Providence, Rhode Island, and the mosaic decorations of the Chapel of Saint Charles College, Catonsville, Maryland—testify to the thoroughness with which he has studied religious art. Like Mr. Ralph Adams Cram, who preceded him in the series, he is one of the most successful in his chosen field. As one who has adapted mediaeval art to modern requirement without sacrifice of its beauty, he is eminently fitted as a lecturer on Sacred Painting.

Mr. La Farge's first lecture will be given on April 11; the second on April 25. Since the capacity of the hall where the lectures will be held is small, reservations should be made early as tickets for the individual lectures are assigned in order of application.

All lectures are held in Pius X Hall, 130th Street and Convent Avenue, at 4.00 P.M. on the dates scheduled.

Tickets for each lecture, $2.00

Special Rates for Students Upon Application

Application may be made to The Director of the Pius X School of Liturgical Music, Telephone Cathedral 1334—or to The Commonweal, Suit 4622, Grand Central Terminal New York City, Telephone Murray Hill 8581.

A Character in Shackles

The Man of Promise, by Willard Huntington Wright. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

THIS novel is a reprint after thirteen years. Originally issued in 1916, it received from foremost American critics an ovation seldom accorded works of fiction and yet, in spite of praise, succeeded relatively ill with the reading public. An interested perusal of Mr. Wright's story leaves one unconvinced that the 1916 critics were altogether right and the reading public altogether wrong.

It is undeniably true that Mr. Wright has a great and moving story to tell. His character, Stanford West, whose ironic life and more ironic failure are here sketched, engrosses the reader's attention and sympathy, even though that attention and that sympathy are of a strangely detached variety; and yet for some reason Mr. Wright's treatment of his character falls short of its mark.

That reason, I think, is easy to ascertain. It lies in Mr. Wright's manner of portraiture. The book is unfortunately too expository. Mr. Wright writes *about* Stanford West. He presents him; he rarely allows him to present himself. Here is a Jude the Obscure thesis which fails to win a Jude the Obscure effect simply because the author fails in making his character act and suffer. If his style were only less expository, less austere, less detached, if he could only let go the reins and allow his character the bit for a while, we should be better satisfied. But he is always omniscient and omnipresent. He relates rather than depicts, describes rather than creates.

The result, of course, is inevitable. The drama becomes an account, the character, true and moving as he is, becomes a puppet in too-careful hands, his tragedy a recital. Mr. Wright's purpose is too zealous, and it stares at us from every page.

The commentary is a sad one. For here is a great story; here is excellent and thoughtful writing. But preachers are seldom novelists, and characters like Milton's Satan and Hardy's Jude and Flaubert's Madame Bovary succeed only when they get well out of the tight clutches of their creators.

MARY ELLEN CHASE.

Spanish Rebellion

The Great Revolt in Castile: A Study of the Comunero Movement of 1520-1521, by Henry Latimer Seaver. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.00.

THE author's versatility and training—he is professor of English and history—find further demonstration in this scholarly book. The illustrations, from photographs and drawings by the author, are interesting and illustrative, a quality often lacking in so-called illustrations, but the work suffers from a rather academic treatment and rhetorical style all the more unfortunate in that the complexity of the events and facts involved clearly indicates simplicity of method and lucidity of expression. Still a graver charge is a certain lack of depth, regrettably characteristic of most books written on Spain and Spanish America. North is north and south is south. Shall they never meet? Collectively, Spaniards and Anglo-Saxons are not alike and although the course might involve dangerous speculation, English-speaking authors writing for non-Spaniards are in duty bound to point out the differences, tracing the current of Spanish life from the rivulet to the tributary, thence to the main stream and the encircling ocean of civilization.

Nonetheless, Professor Seaver has combined interest with scholarship in his dramatic presentation. To judge from the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Join the Calvert Associates

The Calvert Associates is a national membership society whose chief object is the perpetuation of the ideal of religious liberty in America as first expounded by George Calvert, Lord Baltimore. They derive their name and their ideals from the founder of Maryland, because Calvert was a Catholic layman, and because, acting harmoniously with non-Catholic associates, he laid the foundation of the fundamental principle of the American nation, namely, religious freedom.

The chief activity of The Calvert Associates is the publication of The Commonweal. Other activities are the promotion of art, science and literature, the study and solution of social problems, through arranging appropriate lectures, debates and public discussion, the formation of study clubs and the celebration of historical anniversaries.

During the past year the Calvert Associates have coöperated with Protestant and Jewish organizations in seminars conducted at Columbia University and Harvard University for study and discussion aimed at the improvement of relations among Catholics, Protestants, and Jews. Further seminars are planned in different sections of the country.

The Calvert Associates are for the most part Catholic laymen and women, although many non-Catholics sympathizing with their objects are also enrolled as members. Under their charter, The Calvert Associates cannot issue securities, pay dividends or operate for profit. The various memberships in The Calvert Associates are as follows:

Associate $5.00 a year
Coöperating $10.00 a year
Sustaining $25.00 a year
Contributing $50.00 a year
Foundation $100.00 a year upward

The higher subscriptions are urged upon those who desire to further the work more substantially.

Michael Williams, *President*
R. Dana Skinner, *Treasurer*
John F. McCormick, *Secretary*

Board of Directors

Ralph Adams Cram
Dr. T. D. J. Gallagher
William V. Griffin
Carlton J. H. Hayes
John S. Leahy
Hon. Martin T. Manton
James J. Phelan
Rev. T. Lawrason Riggs
Daniel Sargent
E. J. Tobin
Dr. James J. Walsh

Application for Membership

THE CALVERT ASSOCIATES
GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Enroll me as a member of The Calvert Associates. Attached is my check for $.....

Memberships:

☐ Associate $5
☐ Coöperating $10
☐ Sustaining $25
☐ Contributing $50
☐ Foundation $100 upwards

Name.....
Street.....
City.....

Membership includes an annual subscription to The Commonweal

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEXT WEEK

The Commonweal announces with special pleasure the first of a series of articles dealing with THE KINGDOM OF GOD IN PARAGUAY. Here is related the gripping story of the Jesuit attempt to establish a Christian state populated by Indians. The author is the distinguished historian, René Fü op-Miller, whose book, The Power and Secrets of the Jesuits, is to be published soon in this country by the Viking Press. . . . RADICALISM AND LABOR is the subject of a paper by William Collins, general organizer of the American Federation of Labor. In it he describes conditions of unemployment in 1873, which more or less parallel those existing today. From his experiences at that time Samuel Gompers drew the conclusion that "betterment for working-men must come primarily through working-men," not through radical intellectuals. . . . The late Cardinal Merry del Val was one of the most forceful personalities of the early twentieth century and his death was a great loss both to the Church and the world. PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF CARDINAL MERRY DEL VAL by Joseph Scott, who was the Cardinal's pupil in England, gives intimate details of the life of the Cardinal. . . . Dorothy Day has sent us A LETTER FROM MEXICO, where she is now living in the capital city. It gives a charming picture of the people there, not of the aristocratic class but the working class and, we might say, the religious class. . . . THE RENAISSANCE OF DIGNITY by Charles Morrow Wilson, a paper which deals with a current trend in American mores, is also scheduled for this issue.

copious notes and the various passages which he quotes and discusses, he has made a painstaking collation and analysis of his sources, a contribution to learning in itself, for hitherto the material in question had not been subjected to the standards of present-day historical criticism.

The study is restricted to an internal history of the rebellion —a restriction to which the author has a right, although it deprives the subject of considerable interest, for it has significant connections with nationalism, imperialism, the reformation and the modern age. It would lend itself also to comparative study in relation to the Barons' War against John, the English Civil War, the French Revolution and the American War of Independence, which it resembles in the sixteenth-century Spanish abhorrence of foreign entanglements and a certain attitude closely akin to the American principle of no taxation without representation. This conservative Spanish rebellion also has a particularly timely bearing, being contemporary with the "Germanias" of Valencia, guilds of class-conscious workmen and peasants organized into a union of Soviets.

E. R. Pineda.

Philosophical Beefsteak

Immortality: Essays on the Problem of Life after Death, by Theodore Mainage, O.P.; translated from the fourth French edition by J. M. Lelen. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Company. $2.25.

SOME years ago I was advocating, with a clerical friend, the need of something more than the cut and dried textbook treatment of philosophical questions. It was my contention that bare syllogisms are almost useless. The Schoolmen may have been satisfied with syllogisms, but our generation is not. There are fashions in intellectual matters as well as in women's dresses, and naked syllogisms have gone the way of read sermons and two-volume novels. Consequently our young people, when arguing with those educated in secular colleges, are helpless when they trot out a few syllogisms learned in class, and find that they are unconvincing.

"But the books whose style you admire so much," retorted my friend, "can all be reduced to a series of syllogisms."

"So can beefsteak," I replied, "be reduced to carbon and water. But I prefer beefsteak."

Father Mainage's book on immortality can doubtless be reduced to a few syllogisms. But to a modern reader it is as much more interesting in its present form, as beefsteak is more appetizing than charcoal tablets. Father Mainage has put flesh and blood on a skeleton. And while it cannot be expected that students taking an ordinary course of philosophy in one of our colleges should read such an extended treatment of every topic here studied, they can at least know that there are such books. To put the usual scholastic textbook in the hands of a doubting friend, would be worse than useless—it would be repulsive. But Father Mainage speaks a language the modern man can understand. Immortality should be supplementary reading in all our courses in philosophy, and it should be in the libraries of educated Catholics generally.

Admirably persuasive as is the treatment on the whole, I wonder if Father Mainage does not fall into a fallacy when he writes: "Man could not be hungry if he could not find food to appease his appetite. . . . He could not aspire to a hereafter if there were no hereafter. He could not long for immortality if it were a sheer illusion." Is not this our old friend, the ontological argument?

J. Elliot Ross.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE HOLY FATHER'S COMMUNITY CHEST

for

Emergency Relief
Orphanages
Welfare and Reconstruction
Education
International Peace
Defence of Religion

is now making its

Fourth Annual Roll Call

for

the renewal of membership and the enrollment of new members.

All funds are disbursed under the personal direction of Pope Pius XI, who says of the Catholic Near East Welfare Association, that it

"Places at Our disposal both the method and the means for meeting the tremendous needs which pour in upon Us from Russia and the Near East."

It is the only Catholic agency authorized to solicit your aid for these objects.

Membership is enriched by many Spiritual Favors and Indulgences, a copy of which will be sent upon request.

To help you decide the amount of
Your Membership Offering
we present the following:

Perpetual Membership.....Forty Dollars
Life Membership.....Twenty-five Dollars
Sustaining Membership.....Ten Dollars Annually
Contributing Membership.....Five Dollars Annually
Associate Membership.....One Dollar Annually

This appeal will NOT be made in the Churches this year.

Mail your membership offering of at least One Dollar NOW to

THE CATHOLIC NEAR EAST WELFARE ASSOCIATION, INC.
480 Lexington Avenue New York, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fordham University Conferences

at Fordham University Church

190th Street and Third Avenue

SPRING SESSION

"THE CURRENT HUMANISM"

By REV. JOSEPH A. MURPHY, S.J.

Professor of Psychology and Natural Theology, Fordham University

Sunday, March 23, 1930, "Humanism and the Philosophers."
Sunday, March 30, 1930, "Humanism and Some Divines."
Sunday, April 6, 1930, "Humanism and Humanity."

Invitations at Fordham University the Bronx, or Room 750, Woolworth Building

Conferences at 4 P. M.

JEFFERSON CLUB

2014 Investment Building

Pittsburgh, Pa.

The Jefferson Club, headquarters for Democratic women at all times, invites women to join. Dues are small and many contacts are made of an interesting nature.

Classes in parliamentary law will be sponsored by the Jefferson Club and the classes will be taught by Ada K. Gannon at the Congress of Clubs. Classes will be held starting April 5th and continuing on April 9th, 12th, 16th, 19th and 23rd.

The course is $2.00. Further information may be had from Jefferson Club Headquarters, Atlantic 1773.

Broadcasting over KQV twice monthly

CHOICE SITE AVAILABLE FOR CATHOLIC INSTITUTION AT A SACRIFICE

Over 1,000-acre property fronting on mountain lake in picturesque Dutchess County offered at a sacrifice for immediate sale. Company liquidating assets. Original cost of property with improvements $150,000. Highly desirable site for college, monastery, or convent desiring privacy in pastoral and wooded countryside. Near State Highway and new Tri-State Park. Convenient to Millerton, N. Y. and Sharon, Conn. Attractive terms.

Write or phone owner for map and particulars

Room 1201
220 West Forty-Second Street
Telephone—WISconsin 6680

Briefer Mention

Bonne Mère (Reverend Mother Chupin), by R. P. Mortier, O.P.; translated from the French by the Dominican nuns of Portobello Road, London. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Company. $2.00

ALONE, unaided and often misunderstood, Victorine-Teresa Chupin carried on her work of befriending those whom the world treated with contempt. As one revolution succeeded another during the period of her life, which almost covered the past century, the Bonne Mère was able to keep her institution intact. Her method was to make a home for those who had no home; to live with them as a sister who pardoned their follies and thought only of their immortal souls. She offered them, not a prison or a reformatory, but a dwelling-place whose doors were always open within and without. Her tact and enthusiasm overcame all the difficulties which both Catholics and Revolutionaries made for her. Her greatest victory came in her old age, when she surrendered her will to others, and became a novice in the religious order which was chosen to continue her work.

Washington Past and Present, by Charles Moore. New York: The Century Company. $5.00.

WHAT Will Irwin did for New York City in Highlights of Manhattan and what Lyle Saxon did for the Crescent City in Fabulous New Orleans, Charles Moore attempts to do for Washington. Instead he has produced a book which is little more than a superior guide-book account of the capital, her history, her concrete actuality and her plans for the future. Surely this would be sufficient for the reader if it were the only book of its kind in the field, but Washington in its physical aspects is too well known today. It is disappointing not to find more character, more atmosphere made vivid in describing a city which has so marked a personality. This lack is no doubt caused by the fact that Mr. Moore is a Rooseveltian Washingtonian—his chapter on the Senate is sufficient to betray him—and he is too inclined to regret the Washington that was before the war, to disregard her transition present, and to dwell on new glories yet to come.

A Little Way Ahead, by Alan Sullivan. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $2.50.

WE strongly doubt whether "a strange and fascinating tale of the stock market" could ever be written, and therefore hold no grudge against Mr. Sullivan for not having fulfilled this Arabian Nights promise on the jacket of his book. He has produced a readable story, tinged with allegory, of a stock-broker's clerk whose suddenly acquired gift of second sight enables him to look down far perspectives and arrive at the gold pile; and through his misuse of power, to foresee the final tragedy. Recommended to that section of the public who incline to the substitution of Wall Street for Providence.

The Roadmender, by Michael Fairless. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $1.50.

IT IS a pity that Mr. Fairless's understanding should stop just at the gate—a gate which, perhaps, in his soul he realizes and fears because it inevitably leads to Rome. Less inspired he might with more excuse lapse into idealistic Thoreauism or a Wordsworthian pantheism, but his very spirit breathes through the beauty of his prose a recognition of truth which transcends the limits of any but the beliefs of Catholicism.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Value of The Commonweal

"The Commonweal has edified, informed and stimulated the Catholic mind of the country. It has won a hearing in quarters in which no Catholic voice was heard willingly until it came. It has spoken of Catholic things to people who live in another world and in a tone that does not startle them, and in a language to which they listen without distress."

RT. REV. HUGH BOYLE, D.D.
Bishop of Pittsburgh.

"I congratulate you on the manner in which The Commonweal is conducted. You are doing a good work for sanity, not to mention religion, and I generally find myself in hearty sympathy with your judgments."

PAUL ELMER MORE.

"You are making the paper a positive contribution to the religious and community life of the American people. This tribute is in no wise lessened in sincerity by the obvious fact that you and I represent different viewpoints concerning both the church and prohibition."

From the Editor of a Baptist publication.

"I appreciate very much receiving The Commonweal during these years. I have read it carefully and have enjoyed it and it has broadened my outlook."

From a Presbyterian minister.

"We have only the highest regard for The Commonweal and feel that it has won the appreciation of a large number of our discriminating readers, Catholic and non-Catholic alike."

From the librarian of a large public library.

The Secretary of The Commonweal Subscribers National Committee has a list of thirty-five hundred individuals and institutions who should be receiving The Commonweal. Many of these are in your community. Will you not be responsible for one or more of these subscriptions?

The object of The Commonweal Subscribers National Committee is to *double the circulation and influence* of The Commonweal in 1930.

THE COMMONWEAL SUBSCRIBERS NATIONAL COMMITTEE
4622 Grand Central Terminal
New York, N. Y.

Subscription prices:
One subscription $5.00 a year.
Two or more subscriptions $4.00 a year.

☐ Enroll me as a subscriber to The Commonweal.
☐ I will be responsible for ..... gift subscriptions on your designated list.

Signed: Name.....
Street.....
City.....

Do } notify recipient
Do not }

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHY POPE PIUS XI ASKED PRAYERS FOR RUSSIA ON MARCH 19, 1930

By Edmund A. Walsh, S.J.

Copies of this pamphlet may be secured by applying to

THE CALVERT ASSOCIATES

Grand Central Terminal New York City

ST. XAVIER COLLEGE

For Women

4928 COTTAGE GROVE AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILL.

Conducted by the Sisters of Mercy

Liberal Arts Course, Pre-Medical, Music, Art

Teachers' Promotional Credit Classes

Autumn, Winter, and Spring Quarters

Send for Announcement

IRELAND . . .

RIGHT ON YOUR WAY TO THE CONTINENT

You land at Queenstown . . . and in a few hours of luxurious travel, the G. S. R. takes you to the wild beauty of Erin . . . to Killarney, Kenmare, Parknasilla . . . where sports are at their best. This great network of railroads brings all Ireland within easy reach of the traveler. You'll enjoy seeing Ireland this economical way—by train and automobile. Stop over on your way to the Continent. For pamphlets, particulars of itineraries, fares, etc., write T. R. DESTER (Dept. C-4), General Passenger Agent, 200 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK CITY.

GREAT SOUTHERN RAILWAYS OF IRELAND

BURR PRINTING HOUSE

FOUNDED 1837

FRANKFORT AND JACOB STREETS

NEW YORK, N. Y.

CATALOGUES, MAGAZINES, BOOKS AND COMMERCIAL PRINTING

The Return of William Shakespeare, by Hugh Kingsmill. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.50.

MR. KINGSMILL is one of the most attractive and the most exasperating of the newer English writers. All his books have dash, some excellent ideas, parts at least of a memorable plan. But the whole invariably fails to rise from its foundations. In the present instance, one has an agreeable extravaganza involving Shakespeare's return to earth. This affords opportunity for discussion of British Babbittry, for sending pointed little barbs toward diverse portions of civilization's bosom, and for introducing a more than usually incisive survey of Shakespearean poetry. Despite an element of rowdyism, the whole is stimulating enough. But it fails to cohere, it breaks down again and again.

Catholic Mysticism, by A. J. Francis Stanton. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Company. $1.35.

AT A time when Anglo-Catholics are drifting from avowed submission to an infallible Church to a reliance on personal experience as the ultimate authority in religion, it is fitting that a convert, living in that centre of Catholic converts—Briton, England—should point out that there is a constant testimony, unanimous and authenticating, supplied by Catholic mystics, to the truth of objective authority. Where Christian experience deviates from dogmatic and moral truth it ends in sentimental and contradictory vagaries. This book, which is a series of lectures, delivered at Portsmouth, clearly shows that the same God Who has provided light to the intellect, and guidance to the will, has also completely satisfied those yearnings of the whole man which we call his heart.

The 1930 European and American Scrapbooks; edited by William Griffith. New York: The Forum Press. $2.00.

THERE have been so many reissues of "best articles of the month" that the idea of an annual anthology commends itself as a possibly practical enterprise. Mr. Griffith supplies two volumes, one of which culls from the European harvest while the other contents itself with gleanings from the American product. Much attention is given the utterances of leading statesmen and figures in the public eye, but the editor has tried to be as comprehensive as possible. We are far from liking or approving all his selections, but those who care to see what the world at large actually read during 1929 will find the volumes eminently useful. Poems from The Commonweal are included.

CONTRIBUTORS

His Eminence Michael Cardinal von Faulhaber is archbishop of Munich. The translation of this address is by George N. Shuster.

M. Whitcomb Hess is a new contributor to The Commonweal.

John Carter, the author of Man Is War, and Conquest, is associated with the State Department in Washington.

Oliver McKee, jr., is with the Washington Bureau of the Boston Evening Transcript.

Charles Ballard is an American poet.

Hilaire Belloc, whose books include The Path to Rome; Europe and the Faith; and Richelieu, is an English writer on history, politics and literature.

Frederic Thompson is the director of the decoration and fine arts department of Country Life and a general contributor to American magazines.

Agnes Repplier is an American essayist. Among her books are Points of View; Books and Men; Varia; In Our Convent Days; and Americans and Others.

Charles Phillips has been a special correspondent in Russia, Poland and Mexico. He is a member of the English department of Notre Dame University, and the author of The New Poland.

Boyd-Carpenter, a writer on European politics, is a professor in the department of political philosophy of Fordham University.

C. J. Eustace is a Canadian writer.

Leo Kennedy was an associate editor of the Canadian Mercury.

Mary Ellen Chase is professor of English in Smith College and the author of The Golden Asse and Other Essays.

E. R. Pineda has been associated in an editorial capacity with publications dealing with Latin-American affairs.

Rev. J. Elliot Ross is the Catholic member of the faculty of the School of Religion, Iowa University.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED